



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A

# BIBLE WOMAN'S STORY



Mrs Collier  
of Birmingham.



600101503G











# A BIBLE-WOMAN'S STORY:

Being the Autobiography

OF

MRS. COLLIER, OF BIRMINGHAM.

EDITED BY

ELIZA NIGHTINGALE.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.

AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1885.

1330 L 13-





*Ballantyne Press*  
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

## INTRODUCTION.

---

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."—1 COR. i. 27, 28.

THERE are Christians whose lives may be instructive from their very littleness ; and the more we know of them in detail, the more we magnify the grace of God in them. We see them, amidst the petty annoyances as well as the crushing cares of life, kept in perfect peace, because their minds are stayed on God. We see them contending with and overcoming adverse forces, to which those mightier than themselves have yielded ; and, when tried to the utmost point of human endurance, they have subordinated all that was untoward in circumstance to the will of God, and by His Spirit they have been enabled to obtain the victory over self and sin, and out of these ruins to raise the superstructure of a holy life.

We mark, also, how the baptism of sanctified suffering prepares the soul, in lowliness, to wait on Christ, ready for any service that His love may appoint.

Mrs. Collier's life was one continued school of trial and discipline. The loss of her husband's reason, and the frequent peril of her life, the loss of her only child, the loss of her hearing in great part, and of her health; the parting with her mangle, the chief means of her subsistence: these, with other things that we might name, constituted that furnace, seven times heated, in which her faith, "more precious than gold," was tried and burnished for the Master's service. In the work to which she devoted herself, she met, as might be expected, with many discouragements.

It is not in a day that the habits of a life can be thrown off. Some of the most sincere, who took upon themselves the Redeemer's yoke, had yet a terrible battle to fight with old besetments, of drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, temptation, and sin. These now required an intense effort to resist and overcome; and every failure involved the agonies of remorse and shame. Nevertheless her intercourse with the people, her knowledge of them, sympathy with them, her fidelity in reproving their sin, her gentle, loving, personal influence, acted on them like a spell; whilst her presence, and words, and tears, and example inspired them with courage to persevere, and helped those who had wandered to retrace their steps to the Saviour.

At forty years of age she partly lost her hearing. *This infirmity* increased as years came on, but in *spite of what* would have been an insuperable

difficulty to some, through the abounding grace of God to her, it became a stepping-stone to enlargement of the sphere of her labour. When she failed to hear God's Word in the sanctuary, and the devil said, "Give all up!" "No!" she said; "in blessing others shall be my reward; for 'he that watereth shall be watered also himself.'"

"For sustained and earnest Christian effort we pressingly need men and women who lead the inner life; who have renounced self, who live away from human applause or blame; who, when they come forth among men, are as if they came forth from the presence-chamber of the Holy One, and whose hearts are fixed, trusting in the Lord. These are our saints and our mighty ones, though the religious world knows them not."

Mrs. Collier had been urged to write this autobiography by friends, who had made themselves responsible for two or three hundred copies. She had long cherished a wish to be able (again and again she had tried and failed) to present a thank-offering to the Wesleyan and Bible Societies. "But," said a lady, "suppose these promises fail?" She spake not a word, but went home discouraged; and, as was her custom, she asked counsel of the Lord, and looked for the answer in the first passage of Scripture upon which her eye fell. In this case it was Isaiah xxx. 8: "Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever." Immediately her anxieties were removed.

The leader headed the page in her class-book with twopence a week. I ventured to say to her, "This is not required." She replied gently, but firmly, "In that you must not interfere; it is a matter between me and God." Ah, it is this living with God, "alone with God, alone in spirit, in principle, and in practice; this is the secret of every God-like character."

Age is a very relative term. My friend, in spite of a happy, beaming face, looked old and worn at fifty, and yet sixteen years of the best part of her life lay before her. It was about that time that the Rev. John Angell James, having heard of her adaptation for evangelistic work, sent for her, after which she was employed as an agent for the distribution of the Bible; the Bible, which she took into the homes of the desolate and the poor, and by which instrumentality they became sons of God and heirs of heaven. Jesus had fulfilled His own promise, that it was better for the children that He should go away, because His communion with them, by the Holy Spirit, was closer and more absolute than by His actual presence. "Be ye filled with the Spirit," was God's command. To those who believingly obey this command it becomes a realised truth. The simple message given in its fulness, with faith in God, together with unwearied and indomitable perseverance, was the secret of that wonderful success *in saving* souls from death which marks this *narrative*.

ELIZA NIGHTINGALE.

# CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. CONVERSION . . . . .	13
II. THE DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING . . .	19
III. THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP	23
IV. CONVERSION AND EARLY DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD	28
V. HOLINESS AND USEFULNESS . . . . .	38
VI. COTTAGE MEETINGS . . . . .	45
VII. THE LAST SHILLING . . . . .	58
VIII. THE CLASS LEADER . . . . .	69
IX. THE LOST LETTER . . . . .	78
X. A CALL TO BIBLE WORK . . . . .	87
XI. THE ROMANIST AND THE DRUNKARD CONVERTED, AND THE PERVERT RECLAIMED . . . . .	95
XII. THE HOSPITAL, AND THE AMPUTATED LEG . . .	105
XIII. THE WITHERED HAND . . . . .	114
XIV. CONCLUSION . . . . .	118
APPENDIX TO SECOND EDITION . . . . .	121



# A BIBLE-WOMAN'S STORY.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### CONVERSION.

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."—HOSEA ii. 14.

"In the solitude of the heart God speaks to the soul, and is heard by her, warning, reproving, piercing, penetrating through every fold, until He reaches the very inmost heart and dwells there."

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light ;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

I WAS the only child of my parents, and being deprived of my father whilst young, I was entirely under my mother's care, who trained me in the way which she believed to be right. She knew no other way than that of outward morality, and I became a strict Pharisee.

At twenty-two years of age I picked up a tract in which were these words, "What shall I do to



be saved?" I then for the first time became conscious that I was a sinner. I read these words over and over again; they sank deeper and deeper, each time I read them, into my heart; I was convinced that morality could not save me. What must I do to be saved? I had no religious friend to whom I could go for instruction. I knelt and asked the Lord what I must do to be saved. That night I had a dream. I thought I was in total darkness, a darkness which might be felt; I put out my hand to lay hold of it, and grasped a hand let down from heaven to save me. It was the hand of Jesus "stretched out to draw me near." I knew not at the time the full import of this and other portions of my dream. I understood them afterwards.

We then lived in a country village, and being naturally timid, I shrank from disclosing my mind to strangers, and so these convictions passed away. Nevertheless the good Spirit continued to strive with me until I was forty-one years of age.

In 1847 I came to live in Birmingham, but, owing to the partial loss of hearing, I went to no place of worship for two years. One day, being out of temper, a person said to me, "You must have a better spirit than that, or you will never go to heaven." These words were like a dagger to my conscience; I said within myself, "If I die in a passion, I shall be banished from the presence of the Lord." That conviction also, like the morning cloud and early dew, passed away.

Again the words, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," were as a nail *fastened in a sure place.*

I had heard of people being in great trouble on account of their sins; and I prayed to the Lord to give me great sorrow for my sins. I thought, if I could shed many tears, the Lord would pardon me: but I could not shed one; my heart was very hard. I then went to a small chapel at Summer Hill. The preacher took for his text Isaiah xxviii. 16: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." In speaking of little faith the preacher said, "Though only a pebble filled up a nook in the building, still it was in the building." I felt encouraged, and thought I had a little faith, and believed that as soon as I could repent enough God would pardon my sins.

The following Sunday I went to Wesley Chapel, Constitution Hill, and heard the Rev. Joseph Wood. He clearly pointed out the way of salvation, and said, "We must not appoint God a way to save us, but give ourselves up to be saved in His way and on His own terms." I saw clearly that I had been appointing God a way in which to save me, but now I felt willing to be saved in His way and on His own terms.

I obtained a Wesleyan Plan, and learned that Mr. Wood preached at Nineveh in the afternoon. I went, but did not profit by the sermon, for the enemy suggested, "Perhaps I was one that God would not have to be saved. If I was elected, I should be saved; if not, I should be lost." I tried to put this thought from me, and when I returned home I prayed, and gave myself wholly to the

Lord. But I did not obtain the blessing I was seeking.

Again I consulted the Plan, and found that Mr. Wood would preach at Islington Chapel at night. Once more I was tempted to think, if I was one that God would not have to be saved, it would be useless to go to Islington. It was the month of November, and the weather was cold and wet, so I made up my mind to stay at home and read my Bible. I no sooner came to that conclusion than God spoke powerfully to me by His Holy Spirit, and said, "If you will go to Islington Chapel, you shall receive the pardon of all your sins." I replied, "Then, Lord, I will go." I was so anxious to be in time for the service that I ran the greater part of the way to the chapel. As I went in at the door I saw Mr. Wood go into the pulpit. Joy sprang up in my heart, for I believed that God would pardon my sins that night. The text was, "And a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment."

I prayed during the sermon that the Lord would enable me to touch that hem; but oh, the disappointment! the sermon ended, and I had not found mercy. I thought, "God cannot lie: He promised to pardon my sins if I came."

Oh, how I wished there might be a prayer meeting! While I was meditating, Mr. Wood gave out that he should hold one after the service, and invited all who were seeking salvation to come up to the communion-rail. This invitation astonished me much, as I had never been in a penitent prayer meeting before. I said, "Lord, I can be saved in any way

but that ; I should look so conspicuous ; I should be the only one that would go, and all the congregation will be looking at me, and think I must be a base character to come and acknowledge myself to be a sinner in a public meeting." I said, "Lord, I cannot go to the rail ; any way but that way." Then the Lord spoke by His Spirit, and said, "If you are willing to be saved in the Lord's way, that is the Lord's way." I replied, "Then, Lord, I will go." And in the strength of God I went.

I praised Him for enabling me to take up the cross, for He there adopted me into His family, and made me happy in His pardoning love. I had no sooner gone out of the chapel than I had a great conflict with the enemy, who goes about as a roaring lion "seeking whom he may devour." But, bless God, it is "whom he may," not "whom he will." He suggested, "You have been saved on too easy terms, you have not repented enough ; you believe you are pardoned, but you are under a delusion." Glory be to God, He did not leave me in the hands of my enemy ; but when he came in as a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him. I believe that if the Lord had opened my eyes, as He did the eyes of Elisha's servant, I should have seen Satan walking at my right hand as far as Sheepcote Street. He kept telling me that I was not saved, and I continued to say, "I am saved." I felt determined to have the last word. At last, I made a stand, and I believe Satan stood also. I told him that I knew I was not saved in my own way, but I was saved in the Lord's way, and, "I will believe, I do believe, that God for Christ's sake has pardoned all

my sin. 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" The tempter then vanished as a cloud, and I was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I could then interpret my dream, and say, "The Lord has brought me out of darkness into His marvellous light, out of the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity : He has made bare His holy arm, and given me the consolation of His blessed Spirit, and a foretaste of the powers of the world to come."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

"From darkness here and dreariness  
We ask not full repose ;  
Only be Thou at hand to bless  
Our trial hour of woes."

GOD was preparing me for trials, and heavy trials, such as I could not have borne without His all-sufficient grace.

The month following my conversion, my husband was taken to a lunatic asylum.

I was then tried within a hair'sbreadth of what I was able to bear. After the lapse of a few weeks I was permitted to see him ; I found him better in mind, but much reduced in body. I was told that if I did not have him home, he would soon be dead. A separation by death seemed more than I could bear. I had no spiritually-minded friend to whom I could tell my trouble. I went to a very sincere friend, though a very worldly person, and found part of the family preparing for a ball. I had not been long in the house before these words were powerfully impressed on my mind, "Come out from among them, and be ye

separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I was then afraid to stay and tell my sorrow, so I abruptly left the house.

The night was very dark, and the agony of my mind was more than I could bear; I stopped in a very lonely part of the way, contemplating self-destruction. "If I commit this rash act," I said within myself, "I shall lose my soul." Then the temptation came again, and I felt I must do it, as I could not return home and not find my husband there.

The dear Lord then brought to my remembrance my son, my only child, who was thirteen years of age. He was very affectionate, and sympathised with me in all my anxieties. One night, when I was in great distress, he said, "Mother, you must not grieve about my father; let us kneel down and pray for him." For my child's sake I returned home.

I poured out my soul before God, and told him all my troubles. I promised the Lord that if He would graciously undertake for me, and bring my husband home in sound mind, and give him another opportunity of seeking the salvation of his soul, I would ask counsel of none beside. While kneeling, I took the Bible, and asked the Lord to give me, on opening it, a promise that I might rely upon as His answer to my prayer. I opened on Psalm lxxi., verses 20 and 21: "Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring

me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side."

God had spoken to my troubled heart; there was no more disquietude, but a great calm.

Three days after this, the Lord answered my prayer, and restored my husband to his senses and to his home. One evening I was inviting him to come to Jesus. I told him how God for Christ's sake had pardoned all my sins. He desired me to repeat my experience again and again; I did so, and assured him that God was able and willing to forgive him also. "For He delighteth in mercy." He was very much in earnest, and after a time he was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and through His merits to rejoice in the gladness of a free salvation. His soul was now set at liberty from its toil after vain and worldly things, to consecrate every power to God's service and glory. We sat up nearly all night blessing and praising God.

My peace flowed as a river, and I thought that I should see evil no more.

This happiness was of short duration. My husband had a relapse, and was removed from me; but, bless God, his soul was safe in Christ; he had committed it to Him, in Whom we both believed.

The bitterest portion of the bitter cup had been taken away, so that in this and other relapses I was enabled to leave him and every other care with the Lord.

While my husband remained in Birmingham, I



was allowed to see him every week, and I hoped that God would again restore him to his right mind. But the darkness deepened, and in a few weeks he was much worse, and was removed to Worcester.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

“For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.”—ROMANS x. 10.

“ Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?  
Or, undismayed, in deed and word  
Be a true witness for my Lord ? ”

I THOUGHT I would keep my religion a secret, and had resolved not to join any Church; but my soul was much blessed by a sermon which I heard preached by the Rev. James Caughey. He gave several illustrations, which clearly showed the duty of Church fellowship. He said, he observed one day a row of trees growing very stately and luxuriantly; the reason was, that they were growing in company, and sheltered each other from wind and storm. Walking on a little further, he saw several other trees, of the same kind: but these were very crooked and bare, because they were growing separately, and exposed to every rough blast that assailed them. And, again, he said, “Suppose a man should say, ‘I will cross the Atlantic, but I will go alone;’ I know where he would go—to the bottom of the

sea. But if another should say, 'I will cross the Atlantic, but I must have a full ship's company and a pilot on board;' that man may reasonably hope to reach the desired haven." Mr. Caughey urged the duty of Church membership; and after recommending several denominations he concluded with a general invitation to come on board the Wesleyan ship, as she was bound for the port of glory. I was impressed under that sermon that it was my duty and privilege to join the Church. I told the Lord, that if He would permit me to see the light of another day, I would become a member of His Church.

Next morning I received a letter saying I must go to Worcester that day, if I wished to see my husband. I was in a strait betwixt two duties, having to go and see my husband, and likewise a desire to fulfil my promise to the Lord. I thought my way seemed clearer in going to see my husband, as his brother promised to go with me. I asked the Lord, that if it were His will that I should stay and fulfil the promise which I had made to Him, He would permit something to occur that would prevent my going. Nothing occurred through the day to show me my path, and we started for the evening train. When we reached the station, the train had been gone two minutes. I accepted this as the Lord's will; I said, "I shall be just in time to unite with the people of God."

I then went to a member of the Wesleyan Society, and asked him if he would please to tell me where there was a class meeting. "Come with us," he said; "I and my wife are now going

to one. Come with us into the fold, for the wolf is outside." When the leader spoke to me, I said I was happy in the Lord. He replied that a woman once came and said she was very happy, but when he questioned her, he found that she was deceiving herself. He did not intend to say that I was deceiving myself. Satan took advantage of that word, and said that, after all, I was under a delusion, and that I was deceiving myself. I was cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair.

As soon as I reached home, I asked the Lord to convince me by His Spirit if I was under a delusion; if not, to give me a renewed assurance of His pardoning love. I resolved to pray on and on for this until the break of day. Thank God, He heard the cry of my distress. I had not prayed half-an-hour before the "Spirit witnessed with the blood, and told me I was born of God." Nor did a cloud "arise to darken the skies, or hide for a moment the Lord from my eyes."

The next morning I went to Worcester, and found my husband much worse. My sorrow was great, but the Lord was my refuge and strength.

#### UNDER THE TREE.

"Severed from the common concourse of men, or in the silence of the night, in fields or solitudes, in mountains or valleys, God speaks to the soul. He infuseth hope, kindleth love, enlighteneth faith, lifteth the soul in childlike trust to cleave to Him Whose voice she has heard within her. Then His infinite beauty touches the heart."

In a fortnight from the time I visited my husband in the Worcester Asylum, I received a letter,

saying that he was removed to Gloucester. Being anxious to know what provision had been made for him, I went to Gloucester, and arrived at the asylum by four o'clock in the afternoon. I was there told that he had been removed to Fairford, twenty-eight miles beyond Gloucester. With God's help, I resolved to travel till I found him. The last train had gone, so I took the turnpike road, and walked, hoping to meet with some conveyance. The rain now began to fall heavily, when I found that I had left my umbrella in the train. I had to walk up a very steep hill, and the ground being slippery, I could scarcely keep on my feet. When I reached the top I went into a turnpike house, and had some tea, having taken no refreshment since I left home. I then walked on, purposing, if I met with no conveyance, to sleep at an inn. Alas! I walked miles, and no house appeared in view; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew so fiercely, that I could not stand against it. The darkness was so intense that I could not see my hand, or the pathway under my feet, neither could I find any hedge or boundary, and so I concluded that I was travelling on a common.

After a time the black cloud passed over, when I observed a large tree; my clothes were wet through, and not being able to go further through the storm, I was thankful for shelter under its branches. It was as if the dear Lord, Who sees all the future, had caused that tree to be planted there for me. I knelt down, and under the tree held sweet communion with God. I made known *all my requests* unto Him; I asked Him to abate

the wind and the storm, to preserve me from taking cold, to give His angels charge over me, and to bring me in safety through my journey. My friends whom I had left behind were, doubtless, sleeping comfortably in their beds; my bed was the wet ground, and my covering the canopy of heaven; nevertheless, with my head against the tree, in the care of Him Who is "a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest," I slept softly as a child on its mother's bosom, and awoke greatly refreshed.

The Lord had answered my prayer, the storm had ceased. It was yet dark, but I had no fear, conscious that nothing could harm me whilst I was a follower of that which was good. By day-break I arrived at a town, and walked on until I came to a police station, where I was told that the town was called Cirencester. I had then eight miles further to walk. I reached the asylum at Fairford by eight o'clock in the morning. At first I was not allowed to see my husband, but after hard pleading with the governor he was brought into the hall between two keepers. He seemed determined to come home with me, so that in a few minutes they were obliged to take him back. When I left him, I thought my heart would break, but the Lord was my stay. I had then to walk eight miles back to Cirencester, before I could take the train to Birmingham. I had no opportunity of drying my clothes, but, through the abounding goodness of the Lord, I took no cold, and reached my home in safety.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CONVERSION AND EARLY DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. xii. 23.

"Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
Here on the steps of Jesu's throne  
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,  
To be received and reared for heaven."

My son being hopelessly deprived of his father's care, the responsibility rested on me of bringing him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He was outwardly moral, but that did not satisfy me: I could not rest until his soul was saved. He had been eight years in the Wesleyan Sunday School. I took him with me to all the means of grace, but saw no change of heart. One morning I could not persuade him to go with me to the seven o'clock prayer meeting, and on returning home I found him in bed instead of preparing for Sunday School. I was in despair. I had been praying continuously for his conversion, and he seemed to be going farther and farther from the Lord. I again made my supplication unto God on his behalf. That morning I heard *the Rev. Joseph Wood* preach from these words:

"And they brought him unto Him; and when he saw Him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming." The preacher observed, the more the father endeavoured to bring his son to Christ, the worse he became; for this was Satan's last opportunity to prevent his coming to the Saviour. He exhorted parents to continue to bring their children by prayer and faith to Christ, and when they seemed to go further astray, not to be discouraged.

One night, a short time after, my son told me an untruth. I was distressed on account of his sin; I looked upon him in anger, and reproved him. "Mother," he said, "please to forgive me, and I will not tell an untruth again." I replied, "I forgive you, but you have sinned against God, Who hath said, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death!'" "Mother," he said, weeping bitterly, "ask God to forgive me." I prayed for him, and with him. He was in great agony of mind. But whilst looking to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, he obtained assurance that his sins were all forgiven; when he suddenly exclaimed, "O mother, I am so happy! Sing 'Rock of Ages.'" We sang the hymn. The child's heart was filled with love and gratitude, and he went on his way blessing and praising God. I anticipated the time when he should cease to be a scholar in the Sunday School, and become a teacher, a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard. He was now my only earthly comfort, but the Lord showed me that he was a flower born to bloom in Paradise.



Shortly after, I heard a sermon, addressed chiefly to mothers bereaved of their children. The Lord took them, Mr. Caughey, the preacher, said, in order to draw the hearts of the parents to Himself. He used several illustrations; I will mention one. "A shepherd had a flock of sheep, and one of the ewes, with her lamb, would be constantly leaving the fold. This caused the shepherd much trouble and anxiety. He repeatedly called to them, and though they heard his voice, they did not obey him, but wandered farther away. The shepherd could not bear them to be out in the darkness and danger; so he gathered his flock safely into the fold, and went to look after the wanderers. When he found them, they would not heed his kind words, but still followed their own way. They would not return with him, and he would not return without them; so he took the lamb up into his bosom, and carried it safely into the fold. But where was the ewe? Close by the shepherd's side! He knew, if he took the lamb, the mother would follow; and thus both would be saved." The preacher encouraged parents to prepare to meet their children in heaven, exclaiming, as he concluded, "Mother, will you not follow your lamb?"

In a few weeks my son was taken ill, with rheumatic fever, which proved fatal. He left a bright testimony that he was going to be with Jesus. As his spirit departed, I earnestly prayed that God would give me perfect resignation, and enable me to follow my lamb, now gathered into the heavenly fold. Amid my desolation, I was *enabled to say*, "The Lord gave, and the Lord

hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." I feared lest, when I had left my child out in the cold grave, my fortitude would give way ; but the Lord sustained me, and when I returned home, fulfilled His promise : "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I seemed encircled in the arms of Jesus, and could not shed a tear ; I could only say, "The will of the Lord be done."

A few months after my son's death, I received a letter saying that my husband was now restored to his senses, and I was advised to fetch him from the asylum. I did so ; he appeared quite rational until we arrived at Gloucester, and had to change carriages for Birmingham ; then, to my dismay, I perceived that he was as insane as ever. I could not persuade him to enter the train again. He walked on till we came to a lonely part of the town ; he paced backwards and forwards till late in the afternoon. I did not dare to leave him to get assistance, and it was nearly time for the last train to start for Birmingham. Providentially a person came by, to whom I whispered, "Please fetch me a policeman." He kindly did so, and the policeman prevailed upon my husband to go with him to the train, and we arrived safely in Birmingham. I had named to him our son's death, but, when we reached home, he began to ransack the house in search of him. He accused me of causing his death, and my life was in danger. I had him put under medical treatment, and was obliged to have some one to protect me. Some days he would appear perfectly in his senses, and other days he was as insane as ever. He

began to work a little at his trade, but only when he had a mind to do so. His doctor said there were different kinds of insanity, and in his case work came naturally to him, and that he would never do anything to injure himself, but it was not safe for me to be alone.

#### THE HAPPY DEATH.

At that time, a respectable young widow came to reside with me. She was a dressmaker, and in a very bad state of health; and having a little boy to maintain, she had, when able, to work very hard. She was very desirous of obtaining the peace of a free pardon through the blood of the cross, and accompanied me at every opportunity to the sanctuary. She joined the Church, and soon became a believer in Christ. Mrs. Fletcher says, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life." She was all that I could wish for in a friend; she shared my troubles as much as it was in her power; but, alas! the Lord only lent her to me for a short time. Before two years had expired, she was unable to work. She was quite friendless, and said, "I cannot think of being a burden to you; I must go into the workhouse." "You shall not go there," I replied, "while I have a home." I had a mangle, but I had partly to support my husband, who only worked at intervals, and I had much to endure from his sad state of mind.

At length my friend was confined to her bed, and was fully aware that the time of her departure *was at hand*.

"Assist me to die," the Rev. R. Treffry said to his father. "As you have helped me to live, resign me into the hands of God. A short time, and it will be your turn, and oh, when the light of eternity flashes on your spirit, you will then understand my words, and feel in truth that nothing is worth a thought but the soul, the precious immortal soul." "Give your child up to God," I urged on my friend. He was only three years of age, and she was intensely anxious about him. She would often exclaim, "What will become of my boy?" "You must give him up to the Lord," I said; "He has promised to be a Father to the fatherless; you have committed your soul to the Lord, and He has done great things for you; cannot you trust Him with your child?" She paused for a moment, her countenance brightened, and she answered, "I can freely give him up."

She was now perfectly resigned. I was alone with her the night before she died. As we talked of the Lord's goodness, the Saviour's manifested presence made the room a very paradise. I asked her, if the Lord gave her health and all the comforts of life, or to depart now and be with Jesus, which she would choose. She tried to raise her voice, saying, "Not for ten thousand worlds, not for ten thousand worlds, would I be restored if it is the Lord's will to take me. Oh the happiness that I am going to!" She was indeed on the suburbs of heaven. The next morning she passed the pearly gates into the city of the New Jerusalem, where tears, pain, and death are unknown.

I was then in a great strait; the burden fell on

me, and I was obliged to apply to the parish for a little help to bury her. It was a sad time with me then. The weather was bitterly cold, the snow was very deep on the ground, and my husband opposed me in every possible way, saying, "Let the dead bury their dead," a scripture he did not then understand. I thank God for helping me to overcome every obstacle and to bury her decently.

#### THE ORPHAN BOY.

My next anxiety was what to do with the child. I had knelt many times by the side of his mother's corpse, and asked the Lord to show me what to do. I was willing to keep him, but was afraid my circumstances would not allow me to do so. I took him to his parish, which was some miles distant, hoping they would allow me something towards his maintenance. I waited four hours before I could see a guardian; he said that they could not allow me anything; I might leave him there, and they would provide for him. I could not find it in my heart to leave him. I had loved his mother, and could not now forsake her child. I therefore brought him back with me, and took my perplexity to the Lord; when He said to me, by the Spirit, "Take this child and nurse him for Me, and I will give thee thy wages." My anxiety now vanished, and the Lord gave my husband a love for the child, so that his opposition towards him ceased.

On one occasion I wanted five shillings, and did not know where to get it. I made known my need *unto the Lord*. Soon afterwards, when out on an

errand, I was impressed to go over to the other side of the street. "My business is on this side," I said within myself, "but I will go." I had not walked far before I met a gentleman, who said, "I have heard that you keep an orphan boy; is that true? If so, accept five shillings from me." By this and several other interpositions of God's providence, I was enabled to keep the child until he was old enough to go to school, when some Wesleyan ladies subscribed for his admittance into an Industrial Home, where he received a good education, and was clothed, fed, and apprenticed to a suitable trade.

My husband suddenly left home, without saying a word to any one.

"In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there."

One night I was impressed to go and seek new strength at God's house. As there was no service at the chapel I attended, I went to a prayer meeting which was held that night in the Primitive Methodist chapel, which was at some distance. The rain fell heavily; the water had formed pools, and, it being dark, I walked through one. When I reached the chapel I said within myself, "As I have come through this storm and waded through this water, just so will it be when I have passed through the last storm; I shall only have to cross Jordan and be safe at home with Jesus." During the meeting my soul was very happy, and I could scarcely tell whether I was in

the body or out of the body. Shortly after, my husband came home, and said he had been working at Leamington. I was glad to see him, though my trouble had also returned; but I felt assured that by waiting upon God in His sanctuary I had renewed my strength.

My troubles were now increasing, and my life was in jeopardy. One day my husband came home looking very strange, and walked directly into the cellar. As he did not immediately return, I felt anxious about him. I crept softly down the steps, and saw him doing something to a pistol; I thought he was loading it, and rushed to him to snatch the pistol from his hand, but he held it with a firm grasp. After a long and severe struggle with him, I succeeded in gaining possession of it. The Lord was my helper; I could not have done it in my own strength. At another time he compelled me to sit behind the door all night, and dared me to move or speak, at the peril of my life.

#### THE RAZOR UNDER THE PILLOW.

One night, when going to bed, I saw him take a razor out of his pocket, and put it under his pillow. I remained in the room, but not to sleep. The night was spent in prayer, and the Lord gave His angels charge over me. I besought Him that night to send me some Christian woman to live with me. He knew where to find one.

Soon after, on walking home from Wesley Chapel with several of the members, I asked if *any of them* knew a respectable female who

would come and lodge with me. An elderly person present said, "I should very much like to do so." She came, and proved to be a mother in Israel; verily God had heard my prayer. For a few months I enjoyed a measure of comfort.

In letting my apartments I had hoped to be more secure; but my husband so terrified the lodgers that they gave me notice to leave; likewise the old lady said she was very sorry for me, but that she did not dare to stay with me any longer.

I cried mightily unto the Lord, for had He not said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me"? I was also encouraged by the following verse of a hymn applied to my mind by the good Spirit:

"In vain doth Satan rage his hour,  
Beyond his chain he cannot go;  
Our Jesus shall stir up His power,  
And soon avenge us of our foe."

In the morning my husband went out, taking a strong staff in his hand, and, though I made every inquiry, I never saw him again. A long time after, I heard a rumour that my husband had been seen and recognised, but the report proved to be incorrect. My lodgers remained with me, and for a while my path was less rugged and thorny.



## CHAPTER V.

### HOLINESS AND USEFULNESS.

“When unbelief has disappeared from your heart, when you will credit all that God has said, when you shall calmly and peacefully repose all your powers upon His faithful Word, then His object with respect to you is accomplished ; then He will open the fountains of eternal love, and let its life-giving waters flow in upon you for ever.”

“Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God ?”—JOHN xi. 40.

“The heavenly principle of faith within,  
The strong Divine antipathy to sin,  
The Spirit's law, the meek, engrafted word,  
The vital knowledge of a heartfelt Lord,  
The nature new, the incorruptible seed,  
This power throughout my life and actions spread,  
And show the man regenerate from above,  
By fraudless innocence and child-like love.”

“Diligent in works of love for her Saviour's sake, she drank rich draughts of that well-spring of happiness to which only Christian sacrifice and labour can open the path ; she watered others, and, in doing so, was herself watered.”

ONE night, while reading the “Life of Hester Ann Rogers,” I was roused to seek a higher state of grace.

I was clear in my experience of justification ; I *had no sense of guilt or condemnation* such as I

had before I obtained pardon; but I had never heard of "perfect love," "holiness," or "entire sanctification." I had an intense desire to obtain all that Mrs. Rogers had so happily experienced. I could and did give up all for Christ, but as yet I was but a babe in heavenly knowledge; I did not understand that I was to take Christ for my all, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." I prayed, but received no answer. I was perplexed and driven to despair. I prayed once more, and taking my Bible in my hand, whilst on my knees, I asked the Lord to speak to me in the first text on which my eye should fall. It was as if life and death depended on the result. I had aimed to open in the New Testament, as my reading had been limited to that portion of the Scriptures; but what was my dismay to find that I had the Bible the wrong way upwards, and that I had opened on Deut. xxx. 6! I thought that there was nothing there relating to holiness, when, to my great joy, I read this promise: "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart . . . to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul." By faith I grasped the promise, and rejoiced in a full and free salvation. During the next week, not having much joy, I concluded that I had lost the blessing; but while engaged in prayer, that "the very God of peace" would sanctify me wholly, I was made conscious that I was asking for that which the Lord had already given me. I was overwhelmed with the manifested presence of God. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleansed me from all sin.

"You had better not tell your experience to any one," Satan suggested; "you may lose the blessing by unwatchfulness." I committed the keeping of my soul unto God, to be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Faithful is He That calleth you, Who also will do it."

#### THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

I now longed to tell others what God had done for my soul. Also, I had a strong desire to become a working Christian; and I asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" I went to a tract distributor, and made known to her my wish.

She invited me on the following Sunday to accompany her, and take one side of the court while she took the other. After this my friend gave me a few old tracts, numbering, with those I had, thirty. The Lord, in answer to prayer, directed me to a neglected court, suitable in size to the number of my tracts. Soon I had a great desire to enlarge my sphere of usefulness. At the same time my supply of tracts was well nigh exhausted, and I did not know where to obtain more.

I asked the Lord, if He had called me to the work, to make plain my path before me. A woman in the court offered me twelve old tracts; and when I returned home I found that a person had called to say that she should be glad if I would leave a tract at her house. Though only one tract was asked for, my sphere of usefulness was enlarged, and by that I knew that God had *answered my prayer*. Soon afterwards I was

directed to the tract secretary, who supplied me with as many tracts as I wanted.

#### THE BLIND GIRL.

In distributing my tracts I met with a young woman who was blind. She gladly accepted an invitation to accompany me to hear the Gospel. The good Spirit shone inwardly, her dark mind was enlightened. She saw and felt herself to be a sinner, and sought and found mercy. She rejoiced in God as one who had found a hidden treasure. When it was the night for me to call to take her to the meetings, she sat listening to hear the sound of my feet at the door; and though her parents allowed her to go with me to the means of grace, yet on her return she had to endure much persecution. She was as a light shining in a dark place. She grew stronger and stronger in the grace of God daily. Her father was a sceptic, and when afterwards I became an agent for the distribution of the Bible, his prejudices so far gave way as to allow him to subscribe for one for his youngest son. He also said, "If there are Christians, that stranger must be one. She troubles herself more about my soul than ever I troubled myself about it." This gave me hope, and encouraged me to persevere.

God had already given me to see some fruit of my labour. Two of the people had joined the Church, one of whom had died happy in the Lord. I had also the pleasure of taking four children out of the court to the Sunday School.

Another trial of my faith was at hand. I took

a severe cold, and my deafness became so much worse that during Divine service one Sabbath morning I could not hear a sentence. I reasoned with the enemy, who suggested that if I could not hear I must give up coming to chapel, and that it would be useless for me to distribute tracts, for I should not be able to converse with the people and invite them to the Saviour. At that moment the preacher shouted at the top of his voice, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." These words thrilled my whole soul, and I resolved, if I could not hear God's Word preached, that I would enlarge my tract district, relying on that promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." I did so, and at the first house in the new district the tract was received thankfully. The wife and her husband eventually gave their hearts to God, and became members of the Wesleyan Society. They afterwards left the court for a more respectable one, and opened their house for a cottage meeting, which was well attended. A mothers' meeting was also added. Thus the work of the Lord grew and prospered.

At one house in my new district I was warned not to call. The people were very wicked in the court, especially at that house. Tracts had been left there formerly, but the distributor had been driven away by abuse. I was God's servant, and must do my duty; therefore, asking for Divine help, I ventured to call. The woman received the tract reluctantly, but afterwards allowed me to take her children to the Sunday School. Another *woman in the same court* not only allowed me to

take her children to the school, but accompanied me herself to the house of God, united with me in Christian fellowship, and rejoiced in the forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ.

#### A CROWN SET WITH BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.

At one house I met with an elderly woman who did not attend any place of worship. Her mind was very dark, but by frequently conversing with her about the salvation of her soul she became more enlightened; the Lord convinced her of her sin, and gave her a desire to flee from the wrath to come. She attended the meetings, and accepted the invitation to join the society. She was enabled to believe in Jesus as her Saviour. It was light at eventide, as she was nearly seventy years of age.

She was seized with what proved to be her last illness. It was to me a privilege frequently to visit her, and I never remember doing so without my own faith being strengthened. Her heart was full of Christ. Unperceived by her, I heard her last encounter with Satan, when she said, "I have done with you now. None but Jesus! I want none but Jesus! I am going to be with Jesus! sweet Jesus! precious Jesus!" To me she said, "I have been looking to see you; I have seen my crown, set with beautiful colours, and a large one is waiting for you. I think it must have been a dream! When I get to heaven I shall tell Jesus all I know about you. But I am so unworthy! What words shall I find to speak to Jesus?"

Sweet Jesus! precious Jesus! Why are Thy chariot wheels so long in coming?" She saw the promised land from Pisgah. "He will," she said, "be with me, nor allow me to sink in crossing the Jordan!" She was very anxious to bear her sufferings without a murmur, as also patiently to wait the coming of her Lord. In the morning He fulfilled His promise; He came and received her unto Himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

## COTTAGE MEETINGS.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."  
—ECCLES. xi. 6.

"What is learning, honour, respectability, or any other thing compared with bringing glory to God in promoting the salvation of souls? We might as well ask what is a straw, a bubble, a butterfly, when compared with an empire."

ONE Sunday afternoon, as I was changing my tracts, I was impressed with the necessity of having a religious meeting in the court.

Some who were really anxious to attend a place of worship were unable to do so on account of the distance or their want of suitable clothing. Oh the goodness of God, how His blessing went before me, in inclining the first person I named this to most cheerfully to offer her house for this purpose! I then went to the secretary of the exhorters, and told him that a person in my tract district was willing to open her house for a meeting if he would please to send an exhorter; to which he replied, "I will come myself." I had prayed especially that if I was doing the Lord's will the secretary might willingly grant my request; but



when he said, "I will come myself," I felt that that was more than I had asked! On the following Sabbath afternoon there was a good meeting, and the work continued to prosper. In a few weeks we started another meeting on the Sunday night, which was so well attended that the house was not large enough to hold all that came. After this a weekly meeting was appointed for the Thursday night.

One of the first gathered into the heavenly garner from the cottage meetings was a poor woman, very destitute of clothing. I invited her to the meeting, reminding her that God would not in the day of judgment say, "Why have you not on a better garment?" but "Why have you not on the wedding garment? You cannot enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb!" She came to the meetings very regularly for some time. The last week she came she was under deep conviction of sin, and wished to join in class. She came once more; I did not know that it would be the last time, but spoke to her from the Lord, as if I had known it would be so. She seemed very poorly. I called upon her during the week. As I entered the room she exclaimed, "I am a great sinner!" I pointed her to her great Saviour, Who saves to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. I read a portion of God's Word to her, and after prayer left her venturing on Jesus. I called again the next morning. I could see by her beaming countenance that she had passed from death unto life. She exclaimed, "I am so happy, I am not the same woman I was when you were *here yesterday*. God has, for Christ's sake, for-

given me all my sins, and I am now not afraid to die." She added, "When we lived in Newtown I often watched the people going to the house of God, and wanted to go too, but did not, because my clothes were so worn and shabby. You took me to the meetings in my old things, and through you I have found the Saviour." Two days after she passed peacefully away, exchanging rags for robes, and a broken-down tenement of clay for one of the many mansions of the Father's house.

" O what a mighty change  
Shall Jesu's sufferers know,  
While o'er the happy plains they range,  
Incapable of woe !"

#### THE COTTAGE MEETINGS IN SMITH STREET

continued to prosper, and the room had become too small, when the person died at whose house they were held. The Lord took care of His own work, and inclined one who had been converted in the meetings to offer us the use of her parlour, which was a very large one, and was soon filled. Several persons had obtained salvation. When the meetings had been carried on about twelve months, the exhorters wished to have special services for a week. I made this a matter of earnest prayer, and opened on Isaiah lvi. 7: "Their sacrifices shall be accepted upon Mine altar; for Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." This gave me a further lift of faith.

I resolved to see the minister, but was afraid he would think it a great liberty to ask him to

preach at a cottage meeting. Nevertheless I went, and prayed all the way that if the Lord would save souls at that meeting, Mr. — should not hesitate, but be quite willing to come. I bless God he instantly granted my request, promising to come on the week night, and moreover said, "My brother Scott will, I know, be pleased to preach on the Sunday afternoon." That was more than I asked the Lord for, and again my faith was strengthened, and my prayer turned to praise. On the Sunday morning I invited the people to the meeting. I felt sure the house would be full. I had entreated the Lord to incline the people to come and hear the message of mercy and receive salvation. The place was very full; several could not get in. A hallowed influence was felt, and it was a profitable time to many. The meetings were well attended every night, and several were under deep convictions. On Thursday evening the rain descended heavily, and Mr. — called upon me to know if I thought there would be any one there. I said there would be a good meeting. He inquired if there had been any conversions. I said, "No, but there will be to-night." He then went, and found the place so full that he could scarcely get in. The Lord was present to wound and to heal. Several who had been under conviction were now made happy in the Saviour's love. They joined class, and praised God that ever they came to the cottage meetings. As regards the Lord's work, I was encouraged to believe and go forward.

## THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. xix. 14.

"How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft gentle tones are positively attractive!"

"The heart of many a rough, neglected child of labour, when gently touched by the mild words of kindness, is found to be a source whence flow all plenteously trust, gratefulness, and truth, and those sweet sympathies that make them loved and lovely."

I was one day distributing tracts, when I met with a man and his wife, and two little boys. They were destitute of food and clothing. I spoke to them about the worth of the soul, and found they were living without hope and without God in the world. The wife, to all appearance, was in the last stage of consumption, and I pressed upon her the necessity of seeking the salvation of her soul now, before it was too late. I urged her to come to Jesus now, for this was her day of grace; to-morrow she might be in eternity, and her soul lost. She wished me to read and pray with her, but I saw in her no sorrow for sin. During the week I took a friend with me to visit her. When we arrived at the house, I was shocked to find that the woman was *dead*. She had been to the infirmary in the morning, to fetch some medicine; in the evening she was taken worse, and died. Her husband said that he must apply to the parish for a coffin. I offered to make her a shroud, which was the most that I could do. When I took it to the house, I asked the man to

allow me to put it on the corpse. He said, "Please go upstairs and do so."

I could not account for the wretched appearance of the house, as they did not seem to be people given to drink; but what was my horror to find the poor woman laid in the corner of the room on the bare floor, with only a dirty, ragged quilt to cover her! There was not an atom of furniture in the room; it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. After the funeral I took the boys to the Sunday School; the man also attended the chapel and became a member. The boys made great progress in learning. In process of time they had to leave the school; their father was going to another part, with the hope of getting better remuneration for his labour. It was several years before I heard of them again, when one day, while canvassing for Bible subscribers, a man said, "Don't you know me?" I did not recollect him. He then told me that he was the eldest of the boys I took to school; he thanked God that he ever went, as all the education he had he got in that school. He said he could read his Bible, and was living in the fear of God. He had a comfortable little home, and his younger brother was living with him.

I have met with many pleasing results through taking children to the Sabbath School, and I thank God for giving me grace to persevere, and not to be weary in well-doing, though I met with much discouragement. When I have solicited parents to send their children, they would promise to send them on the following Sunday; but on *calling to change* the tract, and inquiring if they

had been sent, I often found that they had not. I then saw clearly that I must adopt another plan, if the children were to derive any benefit from my visits; I therefore made it a rule to ask for the child to be sent to the school, and, if the mother promised to send it the following Sunday, to say, "If you please to have the child ready by nine o'clock, I will call and take her myself." I have obtained many children in this way, who otherwise would not have gone.

While canvassing for Bibles, I met with a small family; the mother proved to be the first child I had taken to the Wesleyan Sunday School; she had got her education there, and was now sending her little girl to the same school. I had then the pleasure of supplying her with a large family Bible.

I have known many instances of parents being induced to attend a place of worship, owing to the attention paid to their children. At one house a mother said that if I would call for her little girl on Sunday morning next at nine o'clock, she would have her ready for the school. I promised her that I would. I called; the mother was surprised to see me; it was raining very heavily. "If I make a promise," I said, "the Lord requires me to fulfil it. I do not expect to take your child out in such weather; but I shall have pleasure in calling for her next Sunday. Meanwhile you do not attend any place of worship yourself. It is written, 'Ye shall keep My Sabbaths, and reverence My sanctuary. We have a cottage meeting to-night; will you come? The distance is so short that the rain need not prevent

you. "You have been so kind," the mother replied, "in calling for my child, that I cannot refuse your invitation." She fulfilled her promise. The following Sunday I took the child to school, and the mother continued to attend the cottage meetings.

#### THE LOCKED DOOR.

The next case I met required a great deal of patience. The mother had a little boy about seven or eight years of age. He did not go to any school, but seemed a very promising child. I endeavoured to point out the responsibility she was under to train him up in the right way. I urged her to send him to the Sunday School. I said, if she would have him ready, I would call for him the next Sunday morning at nine o'clock. She thanked me, and promised so to do. I called, but the child was not dressed; the mother begged me to call next Sunday. I did as she desired, and found the door locked. I called several Sundays, but to no purpose. I then called during the week, to inquire the reason of all this; she said, she was very sorry, but the child had not a pinafore. He was supplied with one, when the mother said, "I will have him ready next Sunday, if you will please to call." I replied, "You have no excuse now." She said, "You may depend upon me." I called, and again found the door locked. I perceived, from a broom and a pail at the door and the key turned inside, that some one was preparing for work. I therefore took a short walk, and *prayed God to help me to succeed in my purpose,*

which was to surprise the woman before she had time to lock the door again. I returned and found her on her knees, scrubbing the floor, and the child waiting to be washed and dressed. I remonstrated with her, and pointed out the sin she was committing. I then said, "Now leave off washing the floor, and wash the child; meantime I will clean his shoes, or we shall be too late, for I fully intend taking him to the school this morning." She said, "You shall never clean his shoes." "Then," I said, "you must make haste and do it, and I will read you a chapter." I read the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy. She said, "Please turn that chapter down; I will read it again, when you are gone."

I took the boy that morning, and my heart was full of love and praise to God for using me as an instrument in wresting from the hand of Satan that sceptre to which he had no right. The child was very intelligent, and took great delight in going to school. One Sunday he told his mother that it would be the school address that afternoon. She replied, "Then you must stay at home, your shoes want mending." The boy replied, "I cannot stay away, Mr. Macdonald is going to address the children. I will sit on a back seat, and put my feet under the form before me, and then no one will see my shoes; I must go." He went, and retained much of the address in his memory, which he told his mother when he returned home. I could seldom induce the mother to attend the means of grace; but the Lord heard my prayers for the grandmother, who was living with them, and she went with me to the chapel, joined a



class, and gave her heart to the Saviour. She had been a consistent member for nearly two years when the Lord took her unto Himself.

#### MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

One day I met a little boy about nine or ten years of age. He came up to me, and said, "How do you do, ma'am?" I replied, "How do you do, my dear? But I don't know you." He seemed surprised, and said, "Not know me! and you took me to the Wesleyan Sunday School a long time ago." I asked him if he attended that school now. He said that his parents were now living in Newtown Row, and he went to the school there and liked it very much. I asked him a few questions about his learning, which he answered very satisfactorily. I encouraged him to persevere in the good way, and then he would meet me in heaven. I asked him if he thought he should know me again, if he were to meet me there! He viewed me from head to foot, and said, "Yes, ma'am, I shall know you again when I meet you in heaven." Bless the Lord, I anticipate meeting many in heaven, who will tell me that I was instrumental in God's hands in taking them to the Sabbath School a long time ago. To God be all the praise; for it is He that worketh in me to will and to do of His good pleasure.

## MERCY IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

“ The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
But thou, immortal as thy Sire,  
Shalt never die.”

As I was distributing tracts, I observed a very infirm old man leaning against a wall. I stood and looked at him and said within myself, “Is that man’s soul saved ?” I crossed over and said, “Friend, you seem very poorly.” He replied, “I have had a stroke.” “They are sometimes fatal,” I added ; “were you prepared for death if God had called you ?” It is sad to say that he had lived all these years without having settled this all-important question. “To-day,” I said, “is your day of grace ; to-morrow may be God’s day of judgment. ‘Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’” I invited him to a meeting in the court at three o’clock. The old man preferred to go with me, and wait in the room until the preacher came, while I went round to the houses with my tracts.

I was greatly disappointed ; no preacher came ; I did not dare to dismiss the people without prayer. I lifted up my heart to God, for the help of His Holy Spirit. He graciously answered me, and enabled me, after reading a chapter, to speak a few words for Jesus. I then concluded the meeting with prayer, and invited the people to come on the following Sunday. The old man promised

to come, but did not. Some weeks after, at the close of one of the meetings, I perceived him behind the door. I was overjoyed to see him; he likewise rejoiced to see me. It was like the meeting of father and daughter, after a long separation. I asked him what had kept him away so long; he replied that he came the following Sunday, as he had promised, but, not knowing the name of the street, he had been unable to find the house. He said also that the Lord had directed his steps the first time I met him; for at the meeting he had heard that which had been a blessing to him. He added that he had been ill again, and had been earnestly seeking the Saviour, but had not realised the assurance that his sins were forgiven. He said, he had left home early that morning, resolving to walk about until he found the place where the meeting was held. He was thankful to God that he had succeeded. I endeavoured to explain the way of faith, and directed him to the all-sufficient Saviour. I saw by his appearance that he would not be able to come to the meeting many more times; so I said, "I will walk home with you; then I shall know where you live, and can come and visit you." The distance was more than a mile, and the path very winding, so that I was surprised that the old man had found it at all. I left him looking, trusting, clinging to Jesus. I visited him until he died, which was soon afterwards, rejoicing in his newly found Saviour.

When speaking of one who had obtained mercy in the eleventh hour, a living author remarks:—

“ The spirit, the spirit is where ? Ah, how far away, released from all its sins and its sore agonies ; struggling up at once into such a strange divine enlargement ? A new star swimming into the firmament of heaven ; a new face before the throne of God ; another sinner redeemed from earth.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE LAST SHILLING.

“ And there ~~came a certain~~ poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury : for all they did cast in of their abundance ; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living ”—MARK xii. 42-44.

IN temporal things my smooth path had become a very rough one. My lodgers who rented my apartments went away in my debt ; I had now only the old lady to depend on for the payment of my rent ; besides this, I wanted money for a levy and for coals and other things requisite for house-keeping ; and, it being winter, I had scarcely any work to do with my mangle. I had to pass through deep waters, but, bless God, they did not overflow me. Though I was a member of society, and could have had help, I did not make my wants known. I was resolved to make my complaint only to God, Who graciously kept me in humble dependence upon Himself. Though I often wanted food, I never went into debt *without knowing* the time when I could pay it.

One quarterly night I had only one shilling, and did not know where to get another. I had a little bread in the house, but I wanted the shilling to purchase other provisions. I thought, "I must not give this shilling when I receive my ticket from the minister to-night." Then I remembered the promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." I went to class, and gave the shilling. On returning home I called on a friend; she did not know that I was in so much trouble, or that I was in want of anything. "I have been baking," my friend said, "and have made a cake for you, if you will please to accept it." When I reached home, a neighbour brought me a piece of fresh fish, which she said I should find a nice relish. Thus the Lord prepared a table before me in the wilderness. I fell on my knees in adoring gratitude to God, Who had so remarkably fulfilled His promise, "All these things shall be added unto you."

As time passed on, I had a struggle, and a very hard one, to keep my home. I frequently lived on bread and tea, without sugar, that I might be able to pay my rent; nevertheless I could not avoid being in arrears. I asked my landlady to release me, that I might take a smaller house. I offered to leave goods to the amount of the debt which I owed (which was not much), until by weekly instalments I had paid it. I urged upon her the fact, that I had not any prospect in the future of doing better, but rather that of becoming more involved. She said, I must not think of leaving; I should be sure to have more work when the

days were longer, and she refused to take my notice.\*

I was sorely perplexed, and I did not know what to do, but I looked to my Heavenly Father, Who sustained me. I did not go into debt for food, neither did I ever raise money on my apparel, and, as I always appeared respectable, no one knew that I was in want. My readers may think that my reserve and independence of spirit savoured of pride, but this was not so. Elijah dwelt in communion alone with God by the brook Cherith; morning and evening his wants were supplied. Elijah's God was mine; and He gave me food to eat which the world knew not of. He had moreover the ordering of all the circumstances of my lot; His providential care over me in the past had never failed; and His promises as to the future were, like Himself, immutable.

One day Mr. S——, the tract secretary, called; I supposed, to speak to me about my tract district. To my surprise he gave me half-a-crown. I cannot express my gratitude to God for sending, and to the secretary for bringing, this relief. Had he known my need, he would have rejoiced that the

\* There were kindly, philanthropic people in Birmingham, as well as many Christian friends, who would have come to the timely help of Mrs. Collier, had they known she had been in want. So true it is that in a large town, full of people immersed in their own affairs, each goes his own way, and asks no question as to what his neighbour does. By mere accident, as it seemed, and when too late to offer assistance, her circumstances became known; also the fact, that the expense of lighting and cleaning the room in which she had gathered the people together weekly, to hear the Word of God preached, had from the beginning been defrayed out of her own extreme poverty.

Lord had made him His almoner. I afterwards sincerely regretted that I did not tell him, for thereby I lost an opportunity of glorifying God. O might I learn obedience by the things which I suffer!

## THE BOOTS UPON THE STAIRS.

"Prayer is so related to God's power as to call forth His energy upon particular subjects. He has command of every approach to the human heart, and, in ways unknown to us, He can dispose men to certain courses in answer to prayer."

I wanted a pair of boots. I told my Heavenly Father that He knew I had no money to purchase them, and asked Him to send me help. It was suggested, "You shall have a pair by Easter." Easter Eve came, but no boots, and no money to buy them. It was getting late, and there appeared no probability of my want being supplied. But oh, the goodness of God! when I went to retire for the night, the first thing which my eye fell upon was a pair of new boots on the steps. I afterwards learned that a woman who had owed me some money for a long time, had been troubled about the debt, and not being able to pay me in money, she had brought the boots as part payment. I was engaged at the time, and she had left them on the stairs. The same God Who sent ravens with flesh and bread to Elijah, sent the boots to me by this woman. I put them on in the morning, and went on my way rejoicing. "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."

"Make thou His service thy delight,  
Thy wants shall be His care."



## THE CONCORDANCE.

Blessed be God, He never moved me to pray by His Holy Spirit but He answered that prayer. As my time was so fully occupied, and my early advantages so few, I wanted a Concordance to help me in my study of the Bible. I had no money, nor was I likely to have any, wherewith to buy one, when I obtained the object of my desire in a most unexpected manner. I went into a house where a little child was seated on the floor. To keep it quiet, the mother gave it a book to play with, which the child immediately began to tear in pieces. To my surprise, on looking at the book, I saw it was a Concordance. I turned to the mother, and said, "What a pity it is to give such a good book to the child to destroy!" "Oh," she replied, "I do not want the book, it is of no use to me." "Will you," I asked, "give it to me? I should value it very much." She willingly gave me the book, and I praised God for the gift so opportunely bestowed.

## THE STOLEN SOVEREIGN.

"The passions of men are but the blind instruments of God's providential government of mankind. There is a plan in the ultimate conduct of human affairs, infinitely more wise and just than the schemes of the wisest statesman or the most beneficent philanthropist. But there is a special Providence of God which is exercised over the minutest, as well as over the greatest, events in the daily life of those who trust in Him."

"But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."  
—LUKE xii. 7.

I had let my apartments to a man and his wife, when the iron of my mangle broke. The man,

being in the trade, said he could get it done at less expense than I could; and, on inquiry, he found that it would want a new wheel, which would cost a sovereign. I had my rent by me, as I paid it monthly, and I gave him the money, for I could not do without my mangle. He went to get the wheel, and his wife went out directly after, and I never heard of them again. I was ready to say, "All these things are against me." Then I remembered the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." I said, "'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.' I rely upon Thy word. It is written, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers.' I will not fret, but trust in the Lord, Who has said, 'So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'" I went to chapel that night. The preacher had a good voice, and the Lord gave him a word in season for me. He dwelt much on our duty to give God the first-fruits of everything, and, as we awoke in the morning, to give Him the first of our thoughts, before any corroding care could enter our minds. Under that sermon my faith was strengthened in God; I felt so lifted up above my trials, that I thought I must not count them trials, they were so light, and, "What time I am afraid," I said, "I will trust in the Lord."

The next day, a neighbour came and offered to lend me the money, and said I might pay it back by instalments. I raised another stone of help, and inscribed upon it, "Ebenezer," "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." My soul was filled with love and gratitude.

“HELP TO-MORROW, BY THE TIME THE SUN  
BE HOT.”

It was not long before my faith was again greatly exercised. I had the borrowed money to pay, and also my rent to make up. What money I received, I was obliged to reserve for rent. For many weeks I had very little more than bread and water. I believe the Lord blessed my food, as He did that of the Hebrew children, or I should not have had strength to work. But now I had neither bread nor money to buy any. I should have had help, if I had made my case known; but I told no one but my Heavenly Father. At night I felt very unwell; I thought, “Surely I shall die with hunger.” I would not go in debt, but spread my case before the Lord, entreating Him to open a way for me to have food, as He had promised: “Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.” I said, “If it is Thy will that I should die of starvation, Lord, Thy will be done; I leave myself in Thy hands; do with me as pleaseth Thee.”

While yet upon my knees, I asked God upon opening my Bible to speak to me, in the text on which my eye first fell. He did so, in 1 Samuel xi. 9: “To-morrow, by that time the sun be hot, ye shall have help.” My work was to stand still and wait, and see in what way the Lord would send me succour. I believed that He would fulfil His promise.

In the morning I had no breakfast, and the rain came down heavily, so that no one would

bring me any work ; yet my faith staggered not through unbelief. At twelve o'clock a poor widow came, whose only income (save in exceptional cases) was two shillings and sixpence a week. She had brought me a hot dinner, and she said, "In the night I could not sleep when thinking about you. In the morning I was impressed to get some mutton and turnips, cook them, and bring them to you, together with the broth and a loaf of bread. I have only done what my Heavenly Father bade me do."

#### THE WIDOW REDUCED TO STARVATION.

One very hard winter I had a similar experience. I awoke in the morning with the conviction that I ought to go into Edgbaston Street, and take with me a flannel garment. "Mrs. S——," to whom I was impressed to go, I said to myself, "is a widow, but in good circumstances" (I had not heard of her misfortune to lose all she had); "besides, I have not one to spare." The impression came with greater power, "Take it, and you shall have another garment for yourself, and never want flannel as long as you live." The snow was deep upon the ground, and the distance considerable. I purposed to go the next day, but I had no rest in my spirit until I went.

I found, to my surprise, Mrs. S—— without gown or flannel, and herself and her children in a state of starvation. She was a Christian, and clung to that promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." The tender, loving Father had

marked the trust of His child; and when He had tried her, He brought her forth out of the furnace as gold. He raised her up friends as soon as her extremity was known, and fulfilled His promise to the jot and to the tittle thereof. Two or three days had scarcely elapsed, when a lady, a comparative stranger, called me aside, and said, "The weather is so severe, it has occurred to me that this woollen garment would be of use to you. Will you please to accept of it?" Thus the Lord fulfilled to me His promise, and I may add that after this all my wants in this respect were supplied.

#### THE ENRAGED PARENTS.

A short time after, the Lord took to heaven the old lady who lodged with me, and I was again alone, when a young person, about eighteen years of age, was recommended to come and live with me. She had determined to leave home. Her parents were sad drunken people. I let her come. She then asked me if I would let her younger sister come also, as they both worked in the same factory, and when she could not take as much money as her parents expected, they beat and turned her into the street. For her dinner she had a bit of dry bread, whilst her parents spent her money in drink. Besides which, the weather was bitterly cold, and she had scarcely any clothing. The sister pleaded very hard for her to come, and I had not the heart to refuse her. When she came, I never saw a more deplorable object. I sat up *that* night, to make up some of my own clothes *into garments* for her to wear. In a week the

parents found out where the girls lived. The mother came first, accusing me of enticing her daughters from their home. Home! their home had sometimes been in the streets. On one occasion a policeman took them to their parents and demanded a lodging for them.

"Your conduct," I said, "has driven them from home; I did not invite them to come, neither shall I tell them to go away." She was very abusive, and I ordered her to leave the house. "I shall stay," she said, "until my daughters come home from work." "Then you had better take a chair," I replied, pointing to one between the mangle and the open door. She did so; I went on with my work, and, as I turned the mangle, it gently turned her into the street, and I locked the door. She came again in the evening: her eldest daughter was not in; the younger one, as soon as she heard the knock at the door, crept under the table and was concealed by the cover; she was trembling with fear. After abusing me for some time, the mother left, but soon returned with her husband. I had locked the door, as I had no one in the house. He continued to knock and to use the most violent language; he walked up and down the street, and then the next street, shouting at the top of his voice whatever he thought might annoy and disgrace me. He then knocked again, and, as he was so enraged, I feared he would smash the windows, or break the door in, and kill me. Alone, yet not alone, for God was with me, and He had said, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." I went upstairs, and fell on my knees, when the Lord bade me fear no

evil. My anxieties were now gone, and on going downstairs I found that my persecutors were gone also.

In the morning I was sent for to the factory where the girls worked. The master said he must turn them away, as their father had been there, making a disturbance. I asked what would become of the girls; he replied, "If you will keep them from their parents, I will employ them as long as they stay with you; and if the father molests you, he must be put in prison." Their parents never came again; the girls remained with me, and I put them in the Wesleyan Sunday School. They were afraid the priest would come, but their fears were groundless. A few months after, I met the mother; she said she was very sorry I had been so ill-treated, but hoped I would forgive them, and returned me many thanks for what I was doing for her daughters. She gave me her address and asked me to call. I did so when the father was at home; we had no angry words. Before I left them, I said, "Shall we have a few words of prayer?" Though they were Catholics, they did not refuse. Thus the Lord made my enemies to be at peace with me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CLASS LEADER.

“It is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power.”—2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

“The best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do; and he that has been faithful over a few things must find his account in being ruler over many things.”

SEVERAL who were infirm from age and sickness, and who had recently found the Saviour, were desirous of becoming members, but could not go to Wesley Chapel, where the classes met, on account of the distance. I was impressed that there must be a class formed in Smith Street. I went accordingly to consult the minister, and said, if a leader could be sent, I would, with God's help, invite those whose hearts the Lord had touched to become members. No one can judge of my surprise, when the minister said, “You are to be the leader. You have been proposed and passed by the Church.” I trembled at the thought of my inefficiency, and the great responsibility I should be under for the souls of others, and said, “I could not think of such a thing; I had no ability for the work; adding



"I cannot do it." To this it was said, "You are not allowed to judge of yourself, you must leave that to others. God, by His Church, has called you to the work. Go," it was added, "and tell the Lord you cannot do it; and, if needs be, wait all night for His answer."

I went and told the Lord that I had no ability for the work, and asked Him to show me my way clearly, and not to allow me to go without being sent by Him. After praying some time, I asked Him, on opening my Bible, to guide me to a scripture that would show Me what He would have me to do. I opened on Jeremiah i. 6: "Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." But "the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth." I could say no more, but I was able to believe that I could do all things through Christ strengthening me, even this seemingly impossible thing; or, rather, that the Lord would put words into my mouth, and speak through me.

On the following day Mr. N—— called and gave me a class book. On Monday night I commenced with six names. I resolved to spend the night in prayer; but though the Spirit was willing, the flesh was weak. I felt my responsibility to be great. It was not enough to spread the case of each one before the Lord in prayer; I wrestled on until He gave me faith to believe that my prayer should be answered in their salvation; and this assurance came with such power, that I knew it was from the Lord, and I rejoiced exceedingly.

It is many years since that memorable night, and I praise God that He has fulfilled His pro-

mise. The class increased ; four out of the six then present, after witnessing for Christ on earth, went to be with Him for ever in heaven. One, the oldest of these, died suddenly. She went to dine with her daughter, saying, as she was going, to her husband, "I intend to come back in time for the meeting ; but if the Lord should call me before that time, sudden death will be sudden glory." She was seized with a stroke of apoplexy as she sat down to dinner, and never spoke again. The meetings were held at her house, and had now to be removed. Her death to me was therefore a twofold source of sorrow ; but I could not mourn ; if I had one member less on earth, I had another in heaven, and the Lord found for us a new house wherein to worship Him. The friends took a shop in the same street, and converted it into a preaching room. It was well attended ; a Sunday School was formed, also a Mothers' Meeting and a Temperance Meeting were added thereto. Many in that room were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

In my tract district, specially in my class, the Lord had given me to see the fruit of my labour in the conversion of precious souls. He had showed me that He could make use of a weak instrument, of a thing of nought, to accomplish His purposes.

#### THE CLASS MEETING A SCHOOL.

The class meeting held us together by bonds which the world could not rend asunder ; it helped

us in the Christian strife to find the gate of eternal life, and was week by week to us a school of light and of instruction. Some of our best lessons were taught us by the great Teacher, as we listened to the varied and deeper experience of many in the class, whilst most earnestly we sang :

“ Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.”

#### THE CLASS MEETING AN HOSPITAL.

One of the members of my class had been suffering from rheumatism. It was not a little pain that would keep any of the members from the class meeting; but the weather was severe, and the clothing of Mrs. J—— was scanty. “ Take my warm shawl, and I will wear your light one,” I said, as I called for her to accompany me one night to the meeting. She did so, and came home free from the pain to which she had been subject for several weeks. She praised God that He had made the class meeting an hospital, where she had found healing both for her soul and body.

#### “ WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED ? ”

A woman asked me this question. She was struggling to amend her life, and so to free herself from God’s righteous anger, and her soul from its burden of guilt and condemnation. Blessed be God, while I was speaking to her, the Good *Spirit*, as if by a flash of lightning, revealed to

her the Saviour, the Just One dying for her, the unjust. She exclaimed, "I see it, I see it now; Jesus paid it all."

"The debt's discharged, my soul is free,  
And I am justified."

#### THE MISSION ROOM BURNT DOWN.

The class increased in the registry on earth, and, I believe, with names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Eventually this most commodious mission room took fire one night, after we had left the Temperance Meeting, and was burnt down. Dr. W—— opened a portion of his house for the Sunday School, and for my class, until another place could be provided. The Lord put it into the heart of many friends to support this cause. Dr. W—— led the way, and a plot of ground was bought in New John Street West, and a nice chapel built upon it. There was a large congregation, a Sunday School, and also a Mother's Meeting, and the Lord abundantly blessed their labours.

Whilst in spiritual things my soul prospered, and I was encouraged in my work, my circumstances continued to be embarrassed. At this time I wanted money to pay my taxes, and some arrears of rent. My only resource was prayer. Shortly after I met a gentleman in the street. He was an entire stranger. He inquired after my health, and put some money into my hand, which not only helped me to pay my taxes and my rent, but to hold out a little longer. I never knew who my benefactor was to this day, but

I praised God, Who had sent me this timely assistance.

#### THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

After a while my house required some repairs, without which I could not let my apartments. As it was winter, I had very little work. I feared I should be compelled to take another house. I did not know what step to take. While engaged in prayer, these words were applied to my mind by the Spirit: "I will smite the waters hither and thither, and bring thee through on dry ground." I rose from my knees like a giant refreshed with new wine. Every care was gone. I called on my landlady, and said, "I have not come to ask you to do any repairs, as I have not quite paid what I owe you; but I have come to say that I must give up the house at once, for, if I stay any longer, I shall only be further in arrears." To my great surprise, she replied, "If you will remain, you shall have anything done you require." The following week she sent the paperhanger and painter.

I felt very grateful to my heavenly Father that He had heard my prayer respecting the repairs of my house; but I was still greatly tried, as, alas! I had no money for present necessities. Still my faith failed not. As the paperhanger stood on some steps, he saw a small box on a very high shelf. He reached it down and gave it to me. When I examined its contents, it appeared to be money. It must have been there some years. It was so tarnished that I could not tell whether it was silver or copper, until I had rubbed it

very much, when it proved to be half-crowns, with many smaller pieces of silver. It seemed as though the Lord had sent me a little fortune. My house was made comfortable; I let my apartments, and was enabled to go on more smoothly. Truly, the Lord had "smitten the waters hither and thither," and brought me through on dry ground.

## THE PREVENTED SUICIDE.

Some time after I met with a person who had been in respectable service, but had become reduced in her circumstances. Her health had been declining for some time. I got her a dispensary note, for which she was very grateful. The doctor ordered her beef-tea. Alas! though I did not know it at the time, she had scarcely food of any kind. One day, I was impressed that I must call and lend her a few shillings to supply her wants. When I say *impressed*, I do not mean a thought which may come and go, but an impression by which I know that God speaks by His Spirit, and I must obey. I acted accordingly, and she was very thankful, and promised to return it as soon as she received some money which was due to her. Her health continued to improve; she paid part of the money, and promised to pay the remainder.

Before the month had expired, I called, and found that she had left her lodgings. She had been called away to wait upon a lady. It was nearly two months before I heard of her again. I thought that I had lost the remainder of my

loan, but felt assured that I had done as the Lord desired me. After some time she called upon me, and said, "This is the first opportunity I have had of seeing you, and I will now tell you some of the painful circumstances out of which the Lord has brought me." Here her emotion was so great, that for some time she was unable to proceed. At length she continued: "Previous to your visit I had been reduced to the necessity of living on one shilling and ninepence a week, and that week all my resources were exhausted, and I could not pay for my lodgings. I had prayed incessantly, day and night, for the Lord to deliver me; but no answer came, and I gave myself up to despair. I thought that God had utterly forsaken me. I went out and purchased some laudanum, and was just going to take it, when you came in and prevented me by your timely assistance. Immediately you left me, I threw away the bottle with its contents, and fell on my knees before the Lord, deeply humbled on account of my unbelieving and despairing heart. The Lord had indeed heard and answered my prayer, and taught me in the future to say, 'Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee.'" She added, "I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you, for, the day you called, you were instrumental, in the hands of God, in saving me soul and body."

#### A SABBATH-BREAKER REPROVED.

A man and his wife came occasionally to the mission room. On calling to inquire one Sunday why they did not come regularly, to my great sur-

prise I found the man making a fancy cottage. I asked, "Have you prayed this morning for God's blessing on your labours, or have you forgotten that it is written, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy'?" I was not surprised, I told him, that he was in poverty, and that nothing prospered that he did. God's curse, I added, and not His blessing, was upon him. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but He blesseth the habitation of the just" (Prov. iii. 33). The Lord enabled me to speak home to his conscience of his sin in the sight of God and of the love of the Saviour, the sinner's Friend.

At night his wife came to the meeting, and said, "My husband has been very much troubled in his mind since you spoke to him." He promised next Sabbath to come to the cottage meeting, and never to work again on Sunday as long as he lived. He and his wife became regular worshippers at God's house. They had both been brought up in St. George's Sunday School, and they united themselves with St. George's Church, and walked in all "good conscience before God and men."



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LOST LETTER.

"Jesus wept."—JOHN xi. 35.

"Power to feel sympathy is one of the divinest things in man. Intellectual progress is of small account compared to the power of unselfish love. The lowest of human beings is not the dullest and most ignorant, but the most unfeeling. The highest is not the cleverest and most learned, but he who has the warmest sympathies."

SHORTLY after, a case of great distress pressed heavily upon my heart. I never asked any one to lend me money for myself; it had been offered to me. I knew I could borrow some wherewith to relieve this necessitous case. The question I asked myself was, "Does God require this at my hand?" I pleaded with the Lord that I might know what I ought to do: whilst doing so, these words came with power, as though they came direct from the mouth of God: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again." I lent the money to the Lord, without any anxiety about the result, until one Saturday, when I remembered that it had to be returned the next week. I told the Lord that the money He had

promised to pay would be due on the following Tuesday, and I was depending on the fulfilment of His promise.

On the Sunday morning I was on my way to call for and take a child to the Sabbath School, when I picked up a letter. It was very bulky, and it was directed to Bristol; and as I could not find the person who had dropped it without opening it, I put it into the post. On Monday morning I saw a paper in a window, offering a sovereign reward to any person who had found a letter containing the halves of fifty pound notes, and would bring it to Mr. —, Hockley Hill. I went directly, but the gentleman was not at home; I went again on Tuesday morning. He was then reading a letter in answer to the one posted, and in the letter there was a receipt for the notes. "I put it," he said, "in the crown of my hat, and, while walking in Hall Street, uplifted it, when the letter must have dropped out." "Sir," I replied, "I had some money to pay to-night, and had not a penny towards it. I asked the Lord to send it me, and He promised to do so. I had faith in His word, and believed that I should have it, but I did not know that I should have to come to you for it." He remarked, "I see! You were doing that which was right on the Sabbath day, and you were rewarded; I was doing that which was wrong, and I was punished." I said, "Sir, let it be a warning to you, in future, never to transact business on the Sabbath day." He replied, "I never will," and cheerfully gave me the sovereign. I paid the money at the appointed time, and had a trifle over for interest.

## FOUND DEAD IN HIS CHAIR.

Once again, I did a similar thing to that recorded above. I borrowed money to lend to the Lord, with the assurance that He would pay me again.

The case was as follows. Mrs. C—— accompanied me to the means of grace, and gave evidence that she had become a truly Christian woman. Her husband bore a good moral character. He was in consumption, and not able to do much work. They had a small family, and were frequently without the necessaries of life. He had paid into two sick clubs, but, owing to his health, which had been failing for a long time, he had fallen into arrears. This cut him off from receiving a weekly payment; besides which, next week he would be entitled to a dividend, if he could only borrow the money to clear the debt on the books. If he could not, he must be excluded from the clubs. His wife also, at that time, was ill in bed; they had no money, and but little food. It seemed an exceptionally hard case, and I ventured to borrow the money, and lend it to him. He did not come, as he had promised, the morning after receiving the dividend, and I went to ascertain the cause. I cannot express my dismay, when I found the man dead, and a coroner's inquest going to be held over him. He had been to his club, he had paid up the arrears, and obtained the dividend. He arose the next morning to light the fire and take some tea to his sick wife, intending afterwards to fulfil his pro-

mise. A neighbour came in and found him dead in his chair, the fire not having been lighted. This Christian woman, now a widow, returned to me the loan, with tears of gratitude. "I praise God," she said, "that amid this my deepest sorrow I have been spared the necessity of throwing myself and my children on the parish, and probably into the workhouse." She received from the clubs sufficient to bury her husband, to clothe her children, and to help her in the future to obtain, by her own industry, a livelihood.

## MUST KILL SOME ONE.

I let my apartments to an elderly couple. They were civil people; but the man, through a fall, had hurt his head, and when he took stimulants, he became deranged. On one occasion, he came home the worse for liquor, and began to beat his wife. He said, "*I must kill some one.*" I was very much terrified, and tried to calm him. Then he said, "I must kill the cat," and tried to seize her, but she escaped out of his hands, and, the cellar door being open, she ran down the steps. He tried to follow her, but I forbade him, and, closing the door, I put a chair against it. He was very angry, and sat down on a chair opposite. I stood on the chair, and the cry of my heart arose to my Heavenly Father that He would protect us from the fury of this enraged being. After a short time he became very quiet, and got up and went to bed without speaking an unkind word to me or his wife. Thus the Lord, in answer to prayer, turned the lion into a lamb. This incident may seem

very trifling in itself, but it strengthened my faith in the loving and wise providence of God, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground.

#### THE BULL'S HEAD.

One day a woman came up to me in the street, and said, "I think I have seen you somewhere before to-day." I asked, "Where do you think you have seen me?" She answered by asking me the strange question, "Did you use to go to the Bull's Head, Handsworth?" I said, "I have given my heart to God, and attend the Wesleyan chapel, and God's grace has always been sufficient to keep me from going to such places."

She was nearly seventy years of age, and had put off the salvation of her soul to the eleventh hour. Of this she was fully conscious. The Spirit, which, God says, shall not always strive with man, was striving with her. I told her of my own conversion. She then stood, and, looking earnestly in my face, said, "Now tell me what you saw when God pardoned you." I said, "I saw nothing, but felt unspeakably happy, having the assurance that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me my sins; and He is able and willing to forgive yours also." I invited her to come with me to the Wesleyan chapel on Sunday.

I called for her, and found her ready and waiting. I invited her to come and take tea with me. She came, and, after some conversation, I read the sixteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. When I came to the thirty-first verse, "Do ye now believe?" the Holy Spirit applied with power the

question, when she instantly exclaimed, "I do believe in Jesus, I do believe in Jesus ; He is my Saviour ; He forgiveth all my iniquities." At the first opportunity she partook of the Lord's Supper. Some time after, she became so reduced that she was obliged to go into the workhouse. I visited her there, and found her very happy in the Lord. She went from the workhouse to paradise.

Some years ago, a woman asked me to go with her to visit a man that was very near death. I told her that she had better ask some one who had more ability than I had. She said, a clergyman had administered the sacrament, but she did not think his soul was safe. I inquired of the Lord, and He strengthened me with the assurance that His presence should go with me. I shrank very much from going. When I entered the room, I saw the poor man was very ill. I asked God to give me a word in season. "Friend," I said, "there seems to be only a step between you and death. Are you prepared to meet your God?" He said, "Yes, I partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper yesterday." I replied, "Ordinances are very well in their place, but they are not salvation. Jesus said, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' He also said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Have you experienced the new birth?" I endeavoured to convince him that he was a sinner in the sight of God, and unless he came to Christ for salvation, his soul would be lost. I reminded him of the love of the Saviour, and of His willingness to save. I asked if I should pray with him. He said, "No, thank

you ;" and I left, to pray for him at home ; he could not refuse me there.

In a few days he sent for me. I went immediately. He said, " I am so unhappy that I cannot rest until I know the Lord has forgiven me my sins." He asked me to pray for him, and, while doing so, God lifted upon him the light of His reconciled countenance, and I left him very happy, leaning upon Jesus. The next time I visited him, I took a friend with me. As we entered the room, he said, " I am glad to see you ;" and throwing up his arms in an ecstasy of joy, he exclaimed, " I am going to heaven ! I am going to heaven !"

" Not in my innocence I trust ;  
I bow before Thee in the dust,  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I look for mercy at Thy throne."

He lived a few days longer, and died rejoicing in the Lord.

#### PRAYER SPEEDILY ANSWERED.

Having my apartments again to let, I went upstairs and asked the Lord to send me some one to take them. I arose from my knees assured that my prayer had been heard, and looked through the window towards the railway to see if any one was coming by the train. I felt confident that they were coming from somewhere. In the afternoon, a stranger came. He wanted apartments for himself and his wife, who was coming from London by the evening train. He took my rooms,

met his wife at the station, brought her to them, and they remained with me until they went into a house of their own. The Lord answered my prayer in a twofold sense ; they became members of the society, and sought in various ways to win others for Christ.

For a length of time the Lord had made my path to shine brighter, but there came a very hard winter, and I had scarcely any work. One night I had purposed going to hear a minister, because he spoke with a loud voice : my privilege of hearing a sermon was rare, on account of my deafness. Just as I was going, a stranger brought a large basket of clothes to mangle. I offered to do them in the night, so that she could have them early in the morning ; but she replied, "If you will not mangle them now, I shall take the clothes elsewhere." Though I sorely needed the money, I remembered the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." I therefore decided to go to chapel, and the woman took away the clothes.

The text was, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Under that sermon my faith was strengthened. The next morning the clothes were brought back, and from that time my work so increased that, winter and summer, I was fully employed from four in the morning until twelve at night, and was compelled to refuse taking any more. I had lived in that house upwards of twenty years, and worked my mangle sixteen years, but now my health began to decline. My strength failed me. I must therefore part



with my mangle ; yet it was not without a struggle that I did so, for I had no prospect of obtaining a livelihood by any other means. My strength was now to stand still. "One step enough for me," and not even to take that step, until the light shone, as God had said it should, on all my ways.

## CHAPTER X.

### A CALL TO BIBLE WORK.

"The Bible is God's great medicine book, full of recipes for every spiritual malady."

"God's Word is the food of the soul. There is more of concentrated nourishment in a single text of Scripture, when it is drawn out by the digestive process of meditation, to strengthen the heart, than in many pages of uninspired, though otherwise attractive and even instructive composition. The Holy Spirit comes down on every believing heart direct from God."

IN the course of a few weeks, I was requested to see the Rev. J. Angell James, to whom I had been recommended for the Bible work. Before I could enter on this new sphere of labour, I met with an accident, broke my ankle, and was laid aside for some time. After praying earnestly to the Lord to restore my ankle, I took the Bible in my hand, and looking up to God to direct me, I opened on these words: "And now, behold, I loose thee *this day* from the chains which are upon thine hand. . . . Behold, all the land is before thee: whither it seemeth good and convenient for thee to go, *thither go*." The surgeon had never been on Sunday, but now I was sure that the Lord would send him. In a short time he came, and laid the splinters aside. Turning

to the friend who waited upon me, I said, "I told you they would be taken off to-day." The surgeon asked, "Who told you so?" I replied, "The Lord, sir," and I showed him the promise. He said, "You must not take the whole verse, neither must you engage in Bible work, for you will never be able to walk far." I replied, "Sir, the Lord has given me the whole promise."

#### THE BIBLE-WOMAN WALKING WITH CRUTCHES.

On the 1st of January, 1859, I began my Bible work, walking with the aid of crutches. I called on a woman, who said, "I have lived in this house eight years, and no one has spoken to me about my soul." She subscribed for a Bible, and she and her daughters began to attend regularly the church. In a few weeks she asked me to bring the Bible. I did so, and she said, "I cannot tell you how much I am indebted to you for calling weekly for a penny until I am able to obtain this blessed Bible. Would it offend you if I offered you the best I have, a new-laid egg?" I accepted it, thanking her as well for the motive as for the gift. At one house I met with a very poor widow who loved Jesus, but had not a Bible. She began to subscribe for a tenpenny one. I called one day, when her countenance brightened, as she said, "I think I can have it to-day;" but on going to look for the money, she found it was threepence deficient. She looked disappointed. I said I would leave the Bible and call next week for the threepence. I shall never forget her joy on receiving it; she pressed it to her heart, and with

eyes uplifted praised God with many tears. I met with many families who were without Bibles, but several promised to subscribe for one. One woman said, "It is fourteen years since I had a Bible in my house."

"SHALL KEEP THY FOOT FROM BEING TAKEN."

After a few weeks my ankle became very painful, and though many remedies were tried, it did not improve. My friends advised me to go into the hospital, and have it examined. I had passed through one operation, and somewhat feared another, or that which might be worse, an amputation; besides which, I wanted to go on with my work. My one resource was prayer, and the Bible my book of instruction. After prayer, I opened my Bible on Proverbs iii. 26, "The Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken." I went to the hospital, and with the use of a liniment they gave me the strength of the limb was restored. I praised God that I was enabled to go on with my work. He also answered my prayer, and gave me to see some fruit on the first day of the recommencement of my mission. Shortly after, I could walk with one crutch, and was soon able to give that up also. A friend suggested that I had better take an umbrella. But God gave me faith to throw aside crutches and umbrella, and lean on His omnipotent arm alone.

#### AN OPEN DOOR.

Not a day passed without my obtaining new subscribers. I found the people very careless

about their souls, and I prayed earnestly that the Lord would make me instrumental in directing to the Saviour all with whom I had intercourse: every new subscriber gave me another opportunity, and increased my responsibility. The great need in this new district was a cottage meeting, to which to invite those who attended no place of worship. By a remarkable coincidence, some Wesleyans living in the court had long desired such a meeting, and gladly offered their house for this purpose. On the following Sunday there was preaching, and a good attendance. On the Tuesday night, we had a prayer meeting, and many of my Bible subscribers were present. After a few weeks, a lady commenced a Mothers' Meeting. The poor women were thankful for the privilege of paying a little money weekly for clothing, which they made while listening to the reading of God's Word, and receiving spiritual instruction; and the Lord's blessing rested upon us.

**"NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL."**

I met with a middle-aged woman, who said, "No one for years has called at my house to interest themselves about my soul or its salvation." She gave me a hearty welcome, subscribed for a Bible, accompanied me to the house of God, joined in fellowship with His people, and soon became a happy partaker of the Saviour's love. For upwards of five years I marked her godly life, and then she removed from the neighbourhood. I saw her once more, and replaced her worn and well-thumbed Bible with a new one, and left her

with the assurance that, having walked with her here to the earthly courts of God's house, we should walk together hereafter to the heavenly temple which abideth for ever.

“BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED I WENT ASTRAY.”

I supplied a poor widow with a Bible; she gave her heart to God, and became a consistent member of the Church, striving to follow Christ fully. She had two sons, who were a source of constant grief to her. They resisted all my efforts to take them to a place of worship and to the Saviour. At length I left them. In my absence the Lord laid His afflicting hand on one of them. This, in answer to prayer, made the arrogant youth humble. He shrank from the thought of future punishment and the loss of his soul, which he knew was justly due to his sins. He cried unto the Lord for mercy, asking of all who came in his way, “What must I do to be saved?” I had introduced to him friends who could satisfactorily answer that question, and God made them the instruments of doing so, to the joy of his soul. He died in great peace, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ.

“He rests within the light of God,  
Like a babe upon the breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
Where the weary are at rest.”

His mother, like Simeon, said, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy

salvation." She died shortly afterwards, and rejoined her son in that

"Happy, happy country, where  
There entereth not a sin ;  
And Death, who keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in."

#### THE HUSBAND A CHANGED MAN.

A woman, upon whom I had called for two years, said: "I have cause to praise God for sending you with the Bible into my house. My husband was a very wicked man, but when he began to read the Bible, which he could only do partially, he was so impressed with its truths that he went to an adult school, held by the Society of Friends, that he might be taught to read the Word of God more perfectly. This my husband has done for a long time," she added, "with the greatest punctuality ; and he is a changed man, and striving to bring up his children in the fear of God."

#### BAKING GIVEN UP ON SUNDAY.

A man subscribed for a large Bible, and, under the gracious Spirit's influence, gave up baking on the Sabbath. He prized the Word of God, and sought to treasure up its precious contents in his heart. His wife had been brought up in the St. George's Sunday School, and they preferred to go together to St. George's Church.

#### THE BIBLE BURNT.

A Christian woman, whose husband burned the Bible, and ultimately left her, was so poor that

she could only contribute a halfpenny a week. I begged for her an old Bible. She rejoiced exceedingly, saying, "'The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.' 'Sweet are Thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.'"

## A FREE SUBSCRIBER.

A man and his wife had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and had become members of the Wesleyan Society, through the reading of the Scriptures. "What shall we do?" asked the husband, on behalf of himself and his wife, "that we may show our love to the Saviour for the great things which He has done for us? and how," he added, "can we best express our gratitude to you, for bringing the Bible into our house?" I suggested to him that he could become a free subscriber, by which means he would be extending to others the same benefit which he himself and his wife enjoyed. Though poor, he did so gladly. He also took great interest in the promotion of the better observance of the Sabbath, and by his persevering effort induced a very godless man to close his shop and to keep holy the day of the Lord.

## ANOTHER MISSION ROOM.

Three persons took Temperance cards and signed them; at the same time each of them subscribed for a Bible. I also obtained another house for a meeting. On the following Sunday, upwards of



thirty men and women were present, chiefly those who neglected the house of God. A man was there who had said, "My clothes are not fit to be seen in any place of worship, and my sins are too great, and too many, ever to be forgiven."

The preacher took his text that evening from the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke: "Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Before the service concluded that night, the angels had occasion to rejoice over this repentant sinner; of whom the Father said, "This My son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." The same night the man joined the Methodist class meeting.

The Lord continued to bless and prosper the Bible work in my hands. In 1869 I had between four and five hundred names, beside free subscribers, on my books. I generally managed to visit from forty to sixty families a day. I believe I never went to my labour without the presence of the Lord going with me and helping me in the work. I have frequently gone out having no idea where I should get a new subscriber, but, looking up to the Lord for guidance, I have been impressed to call at various places, which I should never have gone to had I consulted my own judgment; but, by following the dictates of God's Spirit, I have got subscribers where I least expected. To God be praise, now and evermore.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ROMANIST AND THE DRUNKARD CONVERTED, AND THE PERVERT RECLAIMED.

" I live for those that love me,  
For those that know me true,  
For the One that smiles above me,  
And waits my coming too ;  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need rescue,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that I can do."

ONE evening I went to visit a poor woman who was ill, and as it was nearly dark, I did not notice a person sitting on the opposite side of the room. When I left, she followed me out of the house, and said, " You did not speak to me." " Are you happy in the love of God ? " I asked. " I am very unhappy," she said ; " my sins are so great and so many, I fear my soul will be lost." " Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost," I replied ; " and it is written, ' Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.' But you must give up all sin ; if it is a right hand sin, you must cut it off ; or a right eye sin, you

must pluck it out." She looked amazed, and said, "You do not mean to say that the Lord would have me to cut off my right hand, and to pluck out my right eye, do you?" "If any sin," I replied, "has been to you as dear as a right hand, or a right eye, you must put that sin away. For the Lord will not hear the prayers of any who regard iniquity in their heart." I invited her to come to the Wesleyan chapel on Sunday.

She came, and during the following week she was earnestly seeking the salvation of her soul. I invited her to come to the seven o'clock prayer meeting on the following Sunday morning. She did so, and there she found the Saviour. He had long been seeking her, "seeking to save." "O Lord, I will praise Thee," she said, "I will praise Thee. Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." She was a widow, and shortly after her conversion she went to reside with her daughter. We were holding special services at the chapel, and I called to invite the daughter to come with her mother. Mrs. W—— was from home, and the daughter flew into a great rage, saying, "I would have you to know that my mother is not coming there. Your preachers preach about hell and damnation enough to drive my mother and any one else out of their right mind." I said, "If you will please to read the ninth Psalm and the seventeenth verse, you will find these words: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'" Her wrath waxed hotter and hotter, and she was in such a passion that she would not hear a word that I had to say. I left her therefore, saying

to myself, "I will call again when your rage is abated." I did so.

## IN A BETTER TEMPER.

"Good morning," I said; "I have taken the liberty of coming to see if you are in a better temper than you were when I last saw you." She smiled and said, "Will you take a seat?" She then added, "We are Roman Catholics, and I have a great objection to my mother going among the Wesleyans, for ours is the only true religion." She would fain have commended it to me. "But your religion would not suit me," I said, "for various reasons. In the first place, you apply to a certain saint, to ask the Virgin Mary to pray for you; then she has to petition her Son to grant you the favour you need. Now if I had to do so, my faith being weak, I should be afraid that my prayer, having had to pass through so many hands, would never reach its destination. I go *at once* to the Fountain-Head, to Jesus, Who hath said 'It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' Besides, I have had wonderful answers to prayer, which assure me that this is the quickest and the safest way." \*

\* My friend might have added, in explanation of the text she had quoted, "My experience is, that as soon as I am conscious of wrong-doing, in thought, or word, or deed, and am sorry for it in my heart, before the confession has had time to escape my lips, my faith hears a loving Father say to His erring child, 'Thy sin is forgiven, thy faith hath saved thee.' And thus it is that the promise is fulfilled: 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

The mother stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free, and was not again entangled with the yoke of bondage.

#### A MAN AWAKENED WHEN INTOXICATED.

I called at a house to collect for a Bible. The husband was at home intoxicated. I spoke to him about the sin of drunkenness. It might be thought that to speak to a man in such a state was like casting pearls before swine: I had thought so myself, but I felt I must speak. "Know you not," I asked, "that it is written, in 1 Corinthians, sixth chapter and ninth verse, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God'? If you continue in your sin, your soul will be lost." He seemed fully to comprehend all that I said. I urged him to come to a Temperance meeting that would be held the next night, and sign the pledge; he did so, and also accepted an invitation to come on the Sunday night to the cottage meeting.

I prayed earnestly that the Holy Spirit might convince him of his sin, and that he might fulfil his promise, and come and find salvation. He came, and sought the Lord with all his heart, until he obtained a clear assurance of the Father's forgiving love. He continued to attend the meetings regularly, until the time of his death, which was sudden. He was taken ill and went to consult a doctor, who gave him a bottle of medicine. He returned home and died, without having had time to take the medicine. This incident taught me to "be instant in season, out of season."

## THE TWO PROCRASTINATORS.

Mrs. B—— subscribed for a Bible. I visited her nearly two years. Her sin was, alas! the sin of many, the deferring her salvation until a more convenient season. Early one morning a person came to say that she was at the point of death, and very anxious to see me. I went immediately. "My sins!" she said, when she saw me; "my sins! How you faithfully warned me not to leave the salvation of my soul until this hour! Is there hope for me?"

' Will Mercy itself be so kind  
As to pardon a sinner like me? '

I read to her a suitable portion of God's Word, and directed her to the only way of escape from the wrath of God, which she felt now to be so heavy upon her. I reminded her of the Father's love, how

" The Lord in the day of His anger did lay,  
Her sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away ; "

and that Christ His "own self bare our sins in His *own body* on the tree " (1 Pet. ii. 24).

After prayer, I left her penitently trusting in Jesus. She lived three days, and died in the assurance that "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Notwithstanding that I had so much cause for joy and gladness in seeing sinners brought home to the Saviour, yet I met with cases, and witnessed scenes, which sometimes made me very sad. One of these was as follows :—Mrs. T——

was a very worldly woman. She had subscribed for a Bible, and I frequently spoke to her about the care of her soul. She would sometimes promise to keep holy the Sabbath day and to attend a place of worship, but never fulfilled her promise. She was always going to begin to do better, but never did. The last time I spoke to her was on Monday, when she again said, "I will come next Sunday to the meeting." To make sure that she should not forget her promise, I called for her. But, alas! one whose summons is imperative, and admits of no repeal, had knocked at her door, and Death had snatched her soul into eternity, without giving her any time for preparation. It was a warning voice to all who knew her, "to prepare to meet their God"—to her husband especially, to whom I spoke on the importance of seeking the Lord while He might be found. He resolved, "to-day, while it is called to-day," to enter upon a new course of life, and began to attend the cottage meetings.

\*  
"I COULD NOT SAY MY ROSARY."

I met a woman who was a backslider. She had once been a fruit-bearing branch in the true Vine, and for some years a member of the Wesleyan Society. When she left off bearing fruit, the blessed Saviour did not cast her away, but left her for a season to follow her own devices. In her darkness and waywardness she joined the Roman Catholic Church. One day, as I was collecting for Bibles in a new district, Mrs. G—— said, "I should like to subscribe for a

Bible for my little boy." She then asked, "Do you remember speaking to me in the street about my sins, and my loving but forgotten Saviour? I was on my way at the time to the Birmingham Roman Catholic cathedral; and when I got there I could only think of your words, and of my own sin and folly. 'Confound that Bible-woman,' I said to myself, 'I wish I had never seen her. I cannot say my rosary; she has so troubled me that it is of no use for me to remain here.' I therefore arose and went home as miserable as I could well be. It was not," she added, "until after many a hard struggle with myself and the devil, that I found rest and peace to my sinful and troubled heart." The Lord Jesus Christ, Who had conquered for her on the cross, had conquered in her by His Holy Spirit, and through Him she had obtained the victory. "My husband also," she continued, "has retraced his steps to the Saviour, and has mercifully been restored to the favour of God. We have both reunited ourselves to the Wesleyans." They afterwards opened their house for a prayer meeting, and by every means in their power they sought to win souls from the error of their ways, and to "recover out of the snare of the devil those who had been taken captive by him at his will."

The agents of the Romish Church were ever wakeful and vigilant in securing the young. Several children had been drawn, first into their schools, and then baptized by the priest, and enrolled as members of the Roman Catholic Church. The parents, when they became better instructed, withdrew their children from these schools, and, in their



zeal, that they might obliterate the memory of the past, they had them re-baptized by Protestant ministers.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE TAVERN.

Several persons came, on the 22d of October, 1860, to the cottage meeting for the first time. There was a mighty shaking among the dry bones; "the Lord working with" His servant, "and confirming the word with signs following." A man and his wife came, who had been accustomed to spend the Saturday evening at the tavern. The wife cried aloud to God for mercy. Four others were under the awakening power of the Holy Spirit; they also cried unto God, until, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, they obtained life through His name; when they returned to their homes, to tell their friends "how great things the Lord had done for them, and had had compassion on them."

The man who, with his wife, spent the Saturday evening at the tavern, had been deeply convinced of his sins. He came home during the early part of the next day, and said, "I cannot work: my sins are a burden too heavy for me to bear." He asked his wife to pray with him, and then he prayed for himself. They both prayed on and on until a look at the Crucified One brought him salvation, and God assured him by the Holy Spirit that his "sins, which were many, were all forgiven." The good news spread through the court and beyond. On the following Wednesday

night the house was full at the prayer meeting, and ten persons gave in their names, seeking to become members of the Church.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HOSPITAL STREET  
COTTAGE MEETING.

*Sept. 3d, 1861.*—What hath not God wrought? The house was too small. The landlord, convinced that the meetings were a source of great good to the people, offered and prepared a larger house. A few friends subscribed for a pulpit and extra benches, which made it complete as a place of worship. We had a society tea meeting there. A brother, with his sister, said, "We have never been absent from the meetings, Sunday or week day, since the time you first invited us; and the spiritual instruction and comfort which we have derived from the various testimonies of the speakers at this meeting, will remain with us for ever." They both became believers in Christ. The young man opened his house for a prayer meeting. He became a tract distributor, and spent the Sunday afternoon in going from door to door to invite strangers to the evening service. He would then call for those who had promised to come, when I have known him bring seven persons to one meeting.

The incidents of the foregoing narrative have been selected from many others which I could have given. Some who have taxed my faith and patience to the very utmost, have been among those who have brought the most glory to God by their fruit-bearing lives. A man who had made

many promises to come to the cottage meeting, and who had failed to keep one of them, said, on the last of these occasions, "Rely upon me, I shall be there on Sunday night." I resolved to fetch him. When he saw me, he had forgotten that he had made such a promise, and said, "Surely you have not come to collect for Bibles on Sunday!" "I have come," I said, "to remind you of your promise, and to accompany you to the cottage meeting." He came with me, and abundantly rewarded my poor efforts by his amended life and constant attendance at the means of grace ever afterwards. Some amongst the children whom I have taken to the Sabbath School, in seeming opposition to their own wishes, or to the wishes of their parents, have yielded me afterwards the most joy and satisfaction. I once persuaded a youth, fifteen years of age, to go to the Sunday School. He was uneducated in everything save that which he would have to unlearn. It required immense labour and perseverance to get him there, but nothing afterwards would have induced him to stay away. He became a comfort to his teacher, and, by his example, a credit to the school. Others have passed from the bed of suffering to heaven, who have showed the way to recognise in death, not a curse, but a blessing; not a foe, but a friend; not defeat, but victory and glory.

"It is not exile, rest on high :  
It is not sadness, peace from strife :  
To fall asleep is not to die :  
To dwell with Christ is better life."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HOSPITAL, AND THE AMPUTATED LEG.

"Suffering is the work now sent ;  
Nothing can I do but lie,  
Suffering, as the hours go by ;  
All my powers to this are bent.

Suffering is my gain ; I bow  
To my Heavenly Father's will,  
And receive it hushed and still ;  
Suffering is my *worship* now."

"He who has learned to seek nothing but the will of God, will always find what he seeks."

*April 21st, 1875.*—I had been in the work more than sixteen years, and for five months I had been suffering from cancer in the leg, and discharged my duties with great pain ; but the Lord enabled me to bear my affliction with resignation to His will. At last I was obliged to go into the hospital. A lady advised me to keep a diary during my sojourn there.

[Here follow some extracts.]

Suffered much pain, but amply compensated by a sweet assurance of the Saviour's love.

I have much to be thankful for, and *very* much

to humble me. In all things I fail and come short of the glory of God. I lost an opportunity of glorifying God to-day. O Lord, pardon me, and make me more faithful in the future. I am unable to rise from my bed, but I can do a little sewing propped up with the pillow. I can make a garment for a poor woman. "But now that you are not able to work, does God require this of you?" I asked myself. "Besides, you may want the money you have for yourself." "You can lend it to the Lord," I said. "I can, Lord," I replied, "and believe that Thou wilt return it to me again." I sent for the material and commenced making the garment. Shortly afterwards a person came to see me, whom I had not seen for several years. She had borrowed some money of me, of which I never expected to receive a penny. She said, "My conscience has so troubled me, that I could find no rest to my spirit until I brought you the money which I owe you." In this I saw the hand of God, and magnified His name.

My heart is overwhelmed with love and gratitude to God for the unmerited mercies I have received from Him. This institution supplies many comforts to the afflicted people of God. Beautiful hymns are sung in this ward by the matron and some of the patients, so that it has been to me a Bethel, "none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." I have realised much of the presence of God throughout the day.

Suffered much pain, but my soul is very happy. Christ is very precious. He lets the light of His countenance, and the bright beams of His favour, rest upon me. The Lord has sent kind friends to

visit me, but, oh, I feel very unworthy of such favours.

I bless God my soul is very happy; though the Lord permits me to be afflicted very heavily, He enables me to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

A poor woman left some tracts in the ward, and prayed with some of the patients. I felt a deep sense of my unworthiness. How I longed to be working for Jesus! But my strength is to lie still. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Jesus is with me. Many warning voices are around me. This morning a patient underwent an operation. Before that was completed, a man was brought into the hospital who had fallen from an adjoining building; and in the afternoon a poor woman was brought into the ward dangerously ill.

Suffering severe pain, but I am trusting in the Lord. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul."

I bless God for His providential care over me. About four o'clock this morning I was very ill with spasms. I intended, when the nurse came into the ward, to ask her for a cup of hot water, as that generally relieves me. Presently she came in, bringing a cup of tea to a patient who had undergone an operation. I felt that I could not ask her then, lest she should think that I only coveted the tea, and I preferred to suffer without complaining, when presently, to my great surprise, she brought me a cup of tea. My dear Lord understood my case, and knowing that I needed it,

He Himself asked her for it, and with it He gave His blessing, so that I was speedily relieved. My eyes overflowed with tears of love and gratitude to God for His goodness, and my heart was so full that I could not help speaking of the circumstance in the ward.

My soul is very happy; the pain in my leg is severe, but the Lord amazingly sustains me.

Am a little depressed through the infirmity of the body. This is an uncommon experience for me; but I praise God I depend not on frames and feelings, but on Jesus only.

Thank God for another Sabbath day. It has been a happy day to my soul. The Lord gave me a little rest from pain, and enabled me to walk to each patient, and speak a word for Jesus. In the afternoon a lady read and prayed, and then a few of the patients joined in singing some of Sankey's beautiful hymns; when truly the presence of God was with us.

Notwithstanding I am suffering great pain, my soul is kept in perfect peace. I am in the hands of an infinitely wise and gracious God. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

"Oh what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet!"

The flesh shrinks from suffering, but I pray that God will enable me to bear my pain without a murmur; and to grant that in the hour of my deepest need I may hear the voice of Jesus say, "It is I, be not afraid."

My soul has been very much blessed by reading the fourth chapter of Hebrews. I feel thankful that I have entered into that rest which remains for the people of God. I have ceased from my own works.

My soul is very happy. I have not yet undergone an operation, but have been much in prayer that I may be perfectly resigned. I have been given to understand that there are symptoms in my leg that are unfavourable. I bless God that I have no fear. I believe there is a "needs be" for all that God permits me to suffer. It is my Father that smites, but it is in love.

"Thy chastisements are love more deep ;  
They stamp the soul divine,  
And by a sweet compulsion keep  
My spirit nearer Thine."

My sufferings are long and very severe ; but the Lord keeps me in perfect peace. I have undergone an agonising application with the hope of the cancer being removed : but, after having suffered excruciating pain for many weeks, the treatment has proved unsuccessful. My doctor tells me that the cancer adheres to the bone, and my leg will have to be amputated. He gives me some time to consider about it. I bless God, the announcement did not shake my trust. The Lord has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee ;" and, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." During the time I was being prepared to go through the operation, many kind friends came to visit me, and promised to make my case a matter of special prayer. I am in the seventieth year of my age.



and it will be a miracle if I survive; but "with God all things are possible." During the week I felt an increasing nearness to Jesus. I had no fear. The Lord gave me many precious promises. Twice, in answer to prayer, I opened my Bible on this promise, "Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth . . . and comfort me on every side."

Suffered much pain. The Lord is refining me, but not with silver; He has chosen me in the furnace of affliction; yet, day by day, He loadeth me with His multiplied mercies, and fills my heart with love and gratitude. O Lord, I am unworthy of so much kindness.

I awoke this morning happy in God, though in much pain. A lady visited the patients in the evening, and sang some of Mr. Sankey's hymns. The Lord makes up my deficiency of hearing by giving me a double portion of His Spirit. I was much refreshed by the singing.

I bless God for another lift of faith. My pastor visited me, and encouraged me much. With the future of suffering before me, some might be ready to say, "A dark cloud hangs over you." Bless the Lord, He makes me and keeps me so unspeakably happy in His love, that, if it be so, the cloud has a silver lining. A few hours after these reflections, a "Tract Magazine" was lent to me, in which I read, "A Dark Cloud with a Silver Lining." This was the title of the tract. I had not seen or heard of such a title before; and as every good thought is by the inspiration of the ever-blessed Spirit, my faith was strengthened, and

my heart was filled with gladness. I observed to the matron, "The Lord has laid me here to suffer, away from the means of grace, which I have prized so much; but He is giving me so many rich blessings that I cannot find words to express what I enjoy."

[With the unsuccessful and agonising operation of the past, and amputation, and may be death, in the future, and the suffering which was around her, it might be thought that Mrs. Collier would be deprived of almost all comfort: but now it is that her comfort wonderfully abounds, and in scenes from which a bystander would suppose there could come nothing but complaints, there came songs of praise, and utterances of joy, and adoring gratitude. How is this? we ask. There is but one reply: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," as this journal abundantly testifies. Health and ability to work were God's gifts to my friend, gratuitous and undeserved. They never were her own by right; she received them successively and continuously from the hand of God. When these were withdrawn, and the cup of suffering had been given her to drink, she received this also from the same Divine hand. It is thus that the Christian is brought into immediate and childlike harmony with the purposes of his Heavenly Father, and finds a supreme satisfaction in doing or in suffering His will. Besides which, He who really did shed tears with Mary and Martha, and sat down and talked with them, did as really, by the gift of the Spirit, talk with His believing child, and by His presence

more than compensated her for all her sufferings. With His own loving hand, the Saviour administered the promises, and bestowed the all-sufficient grace, bidding her look onwards into the splendour and glory wherein all should end. The journal goes on to say:]

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1875, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I underwent the amputation of my leg. I felt perfectly resigned to the will of God; my soul enjoyed a sweet calm. When carried out of the ward into the operating room, I looked to Jesus without any fear. He had laid beneath and around me His everlasting arms. I said to the matron, "Living or dying, I am in the arms of Jesus." I praise God, in answer to the prayers of many friends, He brought me safely through the trial. When I recovered from the chloroform, my agony was intense, and continued so, *night and day*, for some time. The Lord gave me grace to suffer, and marvellously sustained me. In six weeks I had so far recovered that I had become a wonder to many. My doctor said that it had been the most successful operation they ever had. My recovery seemed quite a miracle. Truly the Lord hath fulfilled His promise: He hath quickened me again, He hath brought me up "from the depths of the earth."

During the time that I had been in the hospital I had been kept from all anxiety about temporal things, until the doctor said I might be removed home. Home! alas! I had no home. I then felt my position. I was now an invalid, and not

likely to resume my work, neither had I any means by which to obtain a livelihood. I remembered the promise: "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure."

It was the first time I had been so depressed during my stay in the hospital. I was grieved with myself, and deeply humbled before God, that, after the many and great deliverances which He had wrought out for me, I should by a doubt dishonour Him or distrust His providence.

I then resigned myself to God's disposal, and confided in Him to find me a home. It was not long before Mrs. D—— came to say that her husband said I should not want a home while he had one. She took me out of the hospital, and treated me with the tenderness of a daughter towards a mother. From that time the Lord raised me up friends in every direction. The committee of the Bible Society, and also the Wesleyan friends, contributed a sum to make me comfortable for the rest of my life. Verily God fulfilled His own promise which He made unto me: "And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you: and My people shall never be ashamed" (Joel ii. 26).

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE WITHERED HAND.

“ Ill that God blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

“ According to your faith be it unto you.”—MATT. ix. 29.

SOME time after I left the hospital, I was confined to my bed thirteen weeks with inflammation in my right arm. I was unable to use it, and there was no hope of its being restored. The doctor had given me up, when, one day, while reading the sixth chapter of Luke, on coming to the tenth verse, I was struck with the miracle which Jesus wrought on the withered hand. I entreated the Lord to heal my arm, and restore to me its use. I believed in His great power, and in His great brotherly kindness, and in His willingness to succour the distressed.

“ Though gone to God’s right hand,  
Yet the same Saviour still.”

I became conscious of His presence, and of His power, the same as when He healed the withered

---

hand. I made an effort to stretch forth my arm, saying, "Lord, speak the word, and Thy handmaid shall be healed;" when Jesus said, "According to thy faith be it done unto thee." The next day the pain had abated; the day following it was very much better, and from that time my arm was restored. It is now twelve months ago, and I bless God that I have been able to use it ever since.

On account of my friends' increasing family, they required more room, and it became necessary that I should seek another home. To leave was to me a great trial. I scarcely thought it possible to be so comfortable with any one again. I had been nearly two years with them; I had no idea where I could go, being an invalid; but if anxiety began to arise, the Lord applied some precious promise which so strengthened me that I could not grieve. I laid my case before the Lord, and entreated Him to procure me another habitation with some God-fearing people. The Lord enabled me to cast all my care upon Him, and I told Him I would now patiently wait to see how He would provide for me.

In a few days I had the offer of three places; one in Farm Street, one in New John Street, and another at Hockley. I said, "not Farm Street;" my mind seemed quite set against going there. I was inclined to go to Hockley, but said I must first know where the Lord would have me to go. After prayer, I was impressed that I must go to Farm Street; and when I thought again and again of going to Hockley, the Lord spoke by His Spirit and said, "Not Hockley, but Farm Street;"

accordingly I went to Farm Street. The house belonged to two sisters, one a widow. I did not know them, but they remembered me. In the lifetime of their parents, it seemed, I first left tracts at their house. I visited their father upon his death-bed, and made his shroud, and, after the father's death, visited their mother. "We owe you a debt of gratitude," they said, "for kindness shown to our parents, and shall be glad in any way in our power to requite that kindness." They attended the Wesleyan chapel; the younger sister was a member of a Bible class, and also a tract distributor.

Thus I found, after many days, the bread which had been cast upon these waters. I have lived with them nearly two years, during which time I have been surrounded by comforts and attentions, such as children show to a parent whom they love. Had I followed my own inclinations, I should have gone to Hockley, and again have been without a home, as the people left that neighbourhood shortly afterwards. How true it is, "A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps!"

"My bark is wafted to the strand  
By breath divine,  
And on the helm there rests a Hand  
Other than mine."

Twenty years ago, when reading my Bible, one Sabbath afternoon, these words were powerfully applied by the Holy Spirit to my soul: "Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day" (Isa. lviii. 10). I bless

God, this promise has been graciously fulfilled to me. And now I rest in the Saviour's love; I lie down in His arms, and the Lord, like an indulgent father, says, "As a man doth bear his son," so "to old age, even to hoar hairs, will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Deut. i. 31; Isa. xlv. 4).

One day in November, 1878, I was very much drawn out in sympathy and in prayer for the Bible-women. The weather was very severe, and to witness destitution and want without the power of relieving it is one of the trials to which they are painfully subjected. I have passed through all this, and at the remembrance of God's manifested goodness to me my heart was filled to overflowing, with love and gratitude.

"Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a thankful heart,  
That takes those gifts with joy."

[A minister calling to see Mrs. Collier, under date of August, 1879, makes this entry in his note-book: "I saw an aged Christian, deaf, leg amputated, supported by Christian liberality, once a laborious worker in the vineyard, now laid aside, but very happy, very grateful, her face suffused with smiles. She said, 'My cup runneth over, and I have so many comforts and joys here, that I am sometimes tempted to think that I shall have no joys for heaven.'"]



## CHAPTER XIV.

### CONCLUSION.

"Anointed by God with His odorous oil, not to reign, but wrestle ; that from their brave hearts and hands to other hearts and hands the work might be transmitted ; and so God's grace might fructify through them to all."

THE object of this autobiography has been to stimulate the faith and zeal of all workers for Christ.

The world has had its heroes whom it has worshipped. The day comes on when men will be judged by a higher standard, and their work submitted to another test. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Then, when the brightest coruscations of genius and the profoundest endowments of intellect have paled, and are forgotten of men, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." "And upon Himself shall His crown flourish." In that crown there will be many gems won from the kingdom of darkness and of sin, gathered from the slums, and courts,

and alleys, in which for the most part Mrs. Collier lived and laboured. And now, in writing this autobiography, she seeks, in her last days of age and feebleness, to bring one other gem wherewith to wreathe her Saviour's brow.

#### PRAYER BETTER THAN MARTYRDOM.

"Many pour out what is better than blood: the incense of prayerful hearts. There is many a martyr spirit at the kitchen fire, over the wash-tub, and in the plough-field." At first we think that we have a far grander spectacle of holy heroism for Christ in the man who lays his head on a block, or who, like Williams, perishes beneath the club-blows of Eromanga savages, than in the Christian who prays for the conversion of the world. But martyrdom, in spite of all its horrors—and I would not make light of them—generally in a moment conveys the spirit in a chariot of glory, and places it among the angels before the Saviour's face. Not so, those who offer the incense of prayerful hearts. These prayers are for the most part offered in secret, offered with a life-long perseverance of importunity; hoping against hope, believing against unbelief. They may not be called to shed a drop of their blood for the Gospel's sake, but they are largely baptized with the martyr's spirit, and they are in fullest sympathy with Him Who prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." "I am convinced," said a successful evangelist, "that nothing in the whole Christian religion is so difficult, and so rarely attained, as a praying

heart. Without this, we are weak as weakness itself; with it, we are irresistible."

To revise this narrative has been to me as pleasant as profitable. I have seemed to do so under the spell of my friend's faith and prayer. Mrs. Collier's working days are over; but she lives to pray, to pray for the Bible-woman that she has left behind in the fields of toil, that by the inspiration of Christ's presence in the heart, and the finely tempered sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, in the hand, she may win much spoil for Christ. She lives to pray, standing in the valley of dry bones, that the Holy Ghost of Pentecost may be to all peoples a living energy, an unceasing inspiration, a life-giving breath.

"Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, love, and might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide,  
Let there be light!"

*APPENDIX TO SECOND EDITION.*

IN this second edition of the Autobiography of Mrs. Collier I am able to add a chapter concerning the last years of her life. I had thought that her working days were over; but it was not so altogether. Her own old work was as dear to her as ever. Samuel Rutherford said to his flock, "Your heaven would be two heavens to me; and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." Whenever Mrs. Collier had access to an unconverted soul, whether by personal communication or by writing, her heart was fixed on that soul to win it for Christ. And God rewarded her earnest purpose and strong faith in Himself, by giving her the desire of her heart in the conversion of sinners, sometimes in a marvellous manner.

In January 1881, Mrs. Collier writes: "I asked God, in the name of Jesus, to open up to me some way in which I might direct a poor sinner to Christ. I asked him to give me one soul at the beginning of this new year. In a few days, on the 10th of January, an entire stranger called upon me. She was deeply affected, and burst into tears. I said to her, 'May I ask you the cause of

your trouble, and can I in any way help you?' She replied, 'I read in a little book of yours the chapter which told of your conversion, and the question, "What must I do to be saved?" pierced me to the heart; for, oh, I am not saved, I am not saved! I felt I must come to you. Tell me what I must do to be saved.' We prayed together, and pleaded God's promises to the penitent for a considerable time: but there was no uplifting of the cloud. A sense of the Divine wrath was heavy upon her. I looked up to God for a direct message from Himself to this poor sinner's heart, when soon afterwards, whilst speaking to her of God's love and His ability and willingness to save, her countenance brightened, as she said, 'I can trust Jesus; He has paid my debt; He saves me now.'

"Miss R—— went to live in Worcester, and afterwards wrote me a letter full of thanksgiving to God for His continued and abounding love and goodness to her, adding that God had blessed the reading of the little book to several other persons. Thus God answered my prayers above that which I had asked of Him."

From this period to the year in which Mrs. Collier died, out of several instances of conversion, the following may be given. Mrs. S—— was bitterly opposed to religion, and would not allow it to be mentioned in her presence. She was a great sufferer, and was expecting to undergo an operation. Her nurse, who was a Christian, asked if she might read the chapter in Mrs. Collier's *Life* entitled "The Hospital, and the Amputated Leg," hoping that the similarity of Mrs. Collier's affliction to her own might attract her attention. The

lady consented ; interest was awakened ; the whole of the book was read, and Mrs. S—— sought and found salvation.

With the Saviour's sympathy for the perishing souls of men Mrs. Collier had been largely baptized. In her communications with me, during the remaining part of her life, she seldom mentioned her own affliction ; her cheerful endurance of suffering was marvellous ! Her mouth was filled with praise, and her heart with gladness, as she recorded the triumphs won by the Saviour over some poor sinner's heart.

" In blessing Thee with grateful songs  
My happy life shall glide away ;  
The praise that to Thy name belongs  
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay."

With praise to God, and gratitude to friends for their loving ministrations, the latter days of Mrs. Collier abounded. Humility and love were self-evident features in her Christian life : in age they yielded their richest fruit. In her experience, the words of the hymn,

" Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode ;  
Hid be our life with Christ in God,"

were graciously realised.

In the seventy-sixth year of her age Mrs. Collier heard the Master's voice, saying, " Come up higher. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She knew the voice, and welcomed the summons. " I am going home," she said to her friend, Mrs. Tongue ; " I am going home ; I am going to Jesus. Oh, I am so happy ! " " All things are yours." In the Apostle Paul's category of blessing, Mrs. Collier

regarded death as by no means the least. It would admit her into the immediate presence of the Saviour, and she longed to see Jesus.

"Resigned to the burden we bear,  
But longing to triumph with Thee,"

Mrs. Collier, in death, had a little more work to do for the Master. Loving friends gathered around her. To Mr. Souter she said, "Not one word hath failed of all that God hath promised." Those who were partakers of like precious faith, she exhorted to a whole-hearted devotion to her Lord, and to unfaltering trust in Him. Those who came around her, of whose salvation she stood in doubt, she urged, with redoubled energy, to immediate decision in seeking the mercy of God. Friends begged her to economise her failing strength. She replied, "I must speak for Jesus, and to save sinners. Oh, I could preach Christ! I could preach to sinners, if only they would turn and live."

Her medical man had ordered brandy and milk to be given her. She refused the brandy. To the many poor drunkards whom she had rescued from destruction she would leave an example which might help them in the struggles of life. Those who are not prepared to follow such an example must nevertheless appreciate at its true value a motive so disinterested.

At this time Mrs. L—— entered her room. She was a backslider, one on whom God had lavished His love and forbearance—love which still lingered around her, and yearned to save her. Mrs. Collier pleaded with her in tones of tender pathos to come back into the Father's outstretched arms.

On His brow there was no frown, but tender pity ; and from His lips there would fall no word of reproach, but the heartiest welcome. As she was bathed in perspiration, her friends again urged her to spare herself. But love triumphed over suffering ; she ceased not, and in one supreme effort to save a soul from death, she sank, not from the disease—it had not expended itself—but from exhaustion.

Thus our friend passed away. And I know of no grander sight to be seen by men or by angels than that of a Christian, unmindful of every personal consideration, spending her dying energies in making a last effort, and uttering to the sinner a last cry, “ Behold, behold the Lamb ! ”

“ Let me in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish with my latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care.”

THE END.





# BOOKS ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHRISTIAN WORK

PUBLISHED BY

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.

---

**THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT;** or, The Story of an Unknown Mission. By C. T. PARSONS. Crown 8vo, Twenty-one Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

**INCIDENTS IN MY BIBLE-CLASS;** or, Records of Successful Toil in Senior Bible-Class Teaching. By C. T. PARSONS. Foolsap 8vo, 1s.

**EAST-END PICTURES;** or, More Leaves from My Log of Christian Work. By T. C. GARLAND. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo, Five Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

"Few books possess such power to quicken faith and move the feelings as this."—*Hastings Chronicle*.

"Will find favour among all who are familiar with the author's former volume."—*Sword and Trowel*.

**LEAVES FROM MY LOG OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' CHRISTIAN WORK** among Sailors and others in the Port of London. By T. C. GARLAND. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, Eight Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

"A more curious or interesting volume it would not be easy to find."—*Liverpool Courier*.

**THE GREAT ARMY OF LONDON POOR:** Sketches of Life and Character in a Thames-side District. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 540 pp., Eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

"A book of extraordinary interest; it cannot be described—it must be read."—*Spectator*.

**ELIAS POWER, of Ease in Zion.** By the Rev. JOHN M. BAMFORD. Crown 8vo, Seventeen Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

"A charming allegory from a facile and gifted pen."—*The Christian*.

**THE KING'S DAUGHTER;** or, The Life and Work of MARY TAPPIN. By G. T. SEYMOUR. 12mo, cloth, 8d.

This is an account of a devoted and successful Christian worker among the poor in East London.

**CHEQUER ALLEY:** A Story of Successful Christian Work. By Rev. FREDK. W. BRIGGS. Eleventh Edition. Foolsap 8vo, 1s. 6d.

---

LONDON: T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;  
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

## BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

**CONSECRATED CULTURE: MEMORIALS OF BENJAMIN ALFRED GREGORY, M.A.** By the Rev. B. GREGORY, D.D. Crown 8vo, Portrait, 5s.

"The book is throughout one of the deepest interest. . . . It is as admirable in taste as it is excellent in style."—*London Quarterly Review*.

**REMINISCENCES OF ISAAC MARSDEN,** of Doncaster. By JOHN TAYLOR. Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo, Portrait, 2s. 6d.

"An admirable book."—*Sword and Trowel*.

"An intensely interesting volume, full of thrilling incident."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

**THE LIFE OF REV. THOMAS COLLINS.** By Rev. SAMUEL COLEY. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, Portrait, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Coley's 'Life of Collins' will take its place among the classics of Methodist biography."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

**THE LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY.** By Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, Portrait, 3s. 6d.

"We hope that this memorial of the 'Apostle of Ireland,' as Ouseley has been called, will be read far beyond the precincts of Methodism."—*Dickinson's Theological Quarterly*.

**THE LIFE OF THE REV. THOMAS VASEY.** By his WIDOW. Crown 8vo, Portrait. Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d.

"It is the memorial of a good, a godly life, and as such will repay patient reading."—*London Quarterly Review*.

**TRUE WOMANHOOD: MEMORIALS OF ELIZA HESSEL.** By JOSHUA PRIESTLEY. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, Portrait, 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**HOLY LIVING: Exemplified in the Life of Mrs. MARY CRYER,** of Manaargudi, South India. By Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. Royal 32mo, 1s.; gilt edges, 1s. 4d.

**THE LIFE OF MR. SILAS TOLD.** Written by HIMSELF. Royal 32mo, 10d.; gilt edges, 1s.

\* \* \* This Memoir records many remarkable instances of Divine Providence, and gives graphic pictures of the CONDITION OF NEWGATE AND ITS PRISONERS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

**MEMORIALS OF A CONSECRATED LIFE.** Compiled from the Autobiography, Letters, and Diaries of ANNE LUTTON, of Bristol. Portrait and Illustrations. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

---

LONDON: T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;  
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

# Standard & Popular Works

PUBLISHED BY

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

**The Light of the World : Lessons from the Life of Our Lord for Children.** By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, DD., Author of *Rays from the Sun of Righteousness*, etc., etc., etc. Fcap. 4to. Numerous Illusts.  
'A most attractive and deeply interesting Sunday book for children.'

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

**Consecrated Culture.** Memorials of Benjamin Alfred Gregory, M.A. By the Rev. Dr. GREGORY. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.

**Gems Reset ; or, The Revised Wesleyan Catechisms Illustrated** by Imagery and Narrative. By Rev. B. SMITH. Crown 8vo.

**Tales and Poems of South India.** By Rev. E. J. ROBINSON. Crown 8vo.

**American Methodism, A Compendious History of.** By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Crown 8vo, with Portraits.

**Sermons by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.** With a Preface by the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A. These Sermons contain the latest Corrections of the Author. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. 5/- each.

'Here we have found, in rare combination, pure and elevated diction, conscience-searching appeal, withering exposure of sin, fearless advocacy of duty, forceful putting of truth,' etc., etc.—*London Quarterly Review*.

**Lectures by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.** Crown 8vo.

'One and all of the Lectures are couched in the powerful and popular style which distinguished the great preacher, and they are worthy of a permanent place in any library.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

**Toward the Sunrise : being Sketches of Travel in Europe and the East.** To which is added a Memorial Sketch (with Portrait) of the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. By HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations.

**Fiji and the Fijians ; and Missionary Labours among the Cannibals.** Sixth Thousand. Revised and Supplemented with Index. By Rev. JAMES CALVERT ; and a Preface by C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of *At Home in Fiji*, etc. Crown 8vo, with Portrait of Thakombau, a Map, and numerous Illustrations.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

**Zoology of the Bible.** By HARLAND COULTAS. Preface by the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, D.D. Imperial 16mo. 126 Illustrations.

**Missionary Anecdotes, Sketches, Facts, and Incidents.** By the Rev. WILLIAM MOISTER. Imperial 16mo. Eight Page Illustrations.

'The narratives are many of them very charming.'—*Sword and Trowel*.

**The Brotherhood of Men ; or, Christian Sociology.** By Rev. W. UNSWORTH.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Rambles and Scrambles in the Tyrol. By Mrs. HENRY HILL. Crown 8vo, numerous Illustrations.

Uncle Jonathan's Walks in and Around London. Foolscap 4to. Profusely Illustrated.

Our Indian Empire: its Rise and Growth. By the Rev. J. SHAW BANKS. Imperial 16mo. Thirty-five Illustrations and Map.

'The imagination of the young will be fired by its stirring stories of English victories, and it will do much to make history popular.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

Northern Lights; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of Twenty-one Modern Scottish Worthies. By Rev. J. MARRAT. Third Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo. Portraits and Illustrations.

'It is a charming book in every sense.'—*Irish Evangelist*.

Our Sea-Girt Isle: English Scenes and Scenery Delineated.

By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Map and 153 Illustrations.

'An unusually readable and attractive book.'—*Christian World*.

Rambles in Bible Lands. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Imperial 16mo. Seventy Illustrations.

'From the juvenile stand-point, we can speak in hearty commendation of it.'—*Literary World*.

'Land of the Mountain and the Flood': Scottish Scenes and Scenery Delineated. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Map and Seventy-six Illustrations.

'Described with taste, judgment, and accuracy of detail.'—*Scotsman*.

Popery and Patronage. Biographical Illustrations of Scotch Church History. By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Ten Illustrations.

'Most instructive biographical narratives.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.

Wycliffe to Wesley: Heroes and Martyrs of the Church in Britain. Imperial 16mo. Twenty-four Portraits and Forty other Illustrations.

'We give a hearty welcome to this handsomely got up and interesting volume.'—*Literary World*.

John Lyon; or, From the Depths. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo. Five Full-page Illustrations.

'Earnest and eloquent, dramatic in treatment, and thoroughly healthy in spirit.'—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

The Thorough Business Man: Memoir of Walter Powell, Merchant. By Rev. B. GREGORY. Eighth Edition. Crn. 8vo, with Portrait.

The Life of Gideon Ouseley. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.

The Aggressive Character of Christianity. By Rev. W. UNSWORTH.

Garton Rowley; or, Leaves from the Log of a Master Mariner. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Crown 8vo.

Honest John Stallibrass. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Crown 8vo.

A Man Every Inch of Him. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Crn. 8vo.

Paul Meggitt's Delusion. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Crown 8vo.

Nestleton Magna. A Story of Yorkshire Methodism. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Crown 8vo.

Chronicles of Capstan Cabin; or, the Children's Hour. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Imperial 16mo. Twenty-eight Illustrations.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE (*Continued.*)**Missionary Stories, Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents.**

By the Rev. W. MOISTER. Crown 8vo. Eight Page Illustrations.

'Intensely interesting.'—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine.***Scenes and Adventures in Great Namaqualand.** By the

Rev. B. RIDSDALE. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.

**Melissa's Victory.** By ASHTON NEILL. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Illustrations by GUNSTON.**Two Saxon Maidens.** By ELIZA KERR. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Illustrations by GUNSTON.**Vice-Royalty; or, a Royal Domain held for the King, and enriched by the King.** Crown 8vo. Twelve page Illustns. By Rev. B. SMITH.**Sunshine in the Kitchen; or, Chapters for Maid Servants.** Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. By Rev. B. SMITH.**Way-Marks: Placed by Royal Authority on the King's Highway.** Being One Hundred Scripture Proverbs, Enforced and Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Eight Page Engravings. By Rev. B. SMITH.**The Great Army of London Poor.** Sketches of Life and Character in a Thames-side District. By the River-side Visitor. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 540 pp. Eight Illustrations.'Admirably told. The author has clearly lived and mingled with the people he writes about.'—*Guardian.*

## PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

**Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion.** By Rev. JOHN M. BAMFORD. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo. Seventeen Illustrations. Gilt edges.**Life of John Wicklif.** By Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. Portrait and Eleven Illustrations. Crown 8vo.**Good News for Children; or, God's Love to the Little Ones.** By JOHN COLWELL. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Fourteen Illustrations.**Pleasant Talks about Jesus.** By JOHN COLWELL. Crown 8vo.**Little Abe; or, the Bishop of Berry Brow.** Being the Life of Abraham Lockwood, a quaint and popular Local Preacher. By F. JEWELL. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. With Portrait.**Cecily: a Tale of the English Reformation.** By EMMA LESLIE. Crown 8vo. Five full-page Illustrations.**Glimpses of India and Mission Life.** By Mrs. HUTCHEON. Crown 8vo. Eight Page Illustrations.**The Beloved Prince: a Memoir of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort.** By WILLIAM NICHOLS. Crown 8vo. With Portrait and Nineteen Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges.**The Hallam Succession.** A Story of Methodist Life in Two Countries. By A. E. BARR. Crown 8vo. Frontispiece.**Fought and Won.** A Story of School Life. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo, with Frontispiece.**Than Many Sparrows.** By ANNIE E. COURTENAY, Author of 'Tina and Beth.' Crown 8vo, with Frontispiece.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE (*Continued.*)

**Glenwood: a Story of School Life.** By JULIA K. BLOOMFIELD. Crown 8vo. Seven Illustrations.

'A useful book for school-girls who think more of beauty and dress than of brains and grace.'—*Sword and Trowel*.

**Undeceived: Roman or Anglican? A Story of English Ritualism.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo.

'In the creation and description of character the work belongs to the highest class of imaginative art.'—*Free Church of England Magazine*.

**Self-Culture and Self-Reliance, under God the Means of Self-Elevation.** By the Rev. W. UNSWORTH. Crown 8vo.

'An earnest, thoughtful, eloquent book on an important subject.'—*Folkestone News*.

**A Pledge that Redeemed Itself.** By SARSON, Author of 'Blind Olive, etc. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Gilt edges.

'We are informed in the preface that it is "an etching from life," and we can well believe it, for it bears all the marks of a genuine study of living men and women.'—*Literary World*.

**Old Daniel; or, Memoirs of a Converted Hindu.** By the Rev. T. HODSON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Coloured Illustrations.

**The Story of a Peninsular Veteran: Sergeant in the 43rd Light Infantry during the Peninsular War.** Crown 8vo. 13 Illustrations.

'Full of adventure, told in a religious spirit. We recommend this narrative to boys and young men.'—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.

**Rays from the Sun of Righteousness.** By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Crown 8vo. Eleven Illustrations. Gilt edges.

**In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life.** By the Rev. JAMES MARRAT. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, Illustrations, etc.

**Climbing: a Manual for the Young who Desire to Rise in Both Worlds.** By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. Crown 8vo. Sixth Edition.

**Our Visit to Rome, with Notes by the Way.** By the Rev. JOHN RHODES. Royal 16mo. Forty-five Illustrations.

**The Lancasters and their Friends. A Tale of Methodist Life.** By S. J. F. Crown 8vo.

**Those Boys.** By FAYE HUNTINGTON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

**Leaves from my Log of Twenty-five years' Christian Work in the Port of London.** Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo. Eight Illustrations.

**East End Pictures; or, More Leaves from My Log of Twenty-five Years' Christian Work.** By T. C. GARLAND. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo. Portrait and Five Illustrations.

**The Willow Pattern: A Story Illustrative of Chinese Social Life.** By the Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Numerous Illustrations.

**Passages from the Diary of an Early Methodist.** By RICHARD ROWE.

**Orphans of the Forest; or, His Little Jonathan.** By A. E. COURTENAY. Folscap 8vo. Four Illustrations.

## MARK GUY PEARSE'S WORKS.

*Nine Volumes, Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Edges. Price 2s. 6d. each.*

- 1.—Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions. FIRST SERIES. 71,000.
- 2.—Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions. SECOND SERIES. 26,000.
- 3.—Sermons for Children. 20,000.
- 4.—Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving. 21,000.
- 5.—Short Stories, and other Papers. 8000.
- 6.—'Good Will': a Collection of Christmas Stories. 10,000.
- 7.—Simon Jasper. 11,000.
- 8.—Cornish Stories. 6000.
- 9.—Homely Talks. 10,000.

'Scarcely any living writer can construct a parable better, more quaintly, simply, and congruously. His stories are equally clever and telling. . . . One secret of their spell is that they are brimful of heart. . . . His books should be in every school library.'—*British Quarterly Review*.

**Thoughts on Holiness.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Fifteenth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Cloth, red edges.

## PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

**Punchi Nona: A Story of Female Education and Village Life in Ceylon.** By the Rev. SAMUEL LANGDON. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations.

**Friends and Neighbours: A Story for Young Children.** Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

**The Oakhurst Chronicles: A Tale of the Times of Wesley**  
By ANNIE E. KEELING. Crown 8vo. Four Illustrations.  
'This beautiful story.'—*Sheffield Independent*.  
'A fascinating story.'—*Christian Age*.

**Poet Toilers in Many Fields.** By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Crown 8vo. Thirteen Illustrations.

**The 'Good Luck' of the Maitlands: a Family Chronicle.**  
By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo.

**Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome.** By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Crown 8vo. Illustrations.

**Tina and Beth; or, the Night Pilgrims.** By ANNIE E. COURTENAY. Crown 8vo. Frontispiece.

**Wilfred Hedley; or, How Teetotalism Came to Ellensmere.**  
By S. J. FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo. Frontispiece.

**Equally Yoked: and other Stories.** By S. J. FITZGERALD. Frontispiece.

**Master and Man.** By S. J. FITZGERALD. Frontispiece.

**Coals and Colliers; or, How we Get the Fuel for our Fires.**  
By S. J. FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo. Illustrations.

'An interesting description of how we get the fuel for our fires, illustrated by tales of miners' families.'—*Christian World*.



PRICE TWO SHILLINGS (*Continued*).

**James Daryll; or, From Honest Doubt to Christian Faith.**  
By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo.

'We have seldom read a more beautiful story than this.'—*The Echo*.

**The King's Messenger: a Story of Canadian Life.** By the  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Crown 8vo.

**Illustrations of Fulfilled Prophecy.** By the Rev. J. ROBINSON  
GREGORY. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations.

**The Basket of Flowers.** Illustrated. Crown 8vo, gilt edges.

**The Great Apostle; or, Pictures from the Life of St. Paul.**  
By the Rev. JAMES MARRAT. Foolsap 8vo. 28 Illustrations and Map.

'A charming little book. . . . Written in a style that must commend itself  
to young people.'—*Sunday-School Times*.

**Sir Walter Raleigh: Pioneer of Anglo-American Colonisation.**  
By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D. Foolsap 8vo. 16 Illustrations.

**Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands.** By J. R. S.  
CLIFFORD. Foolsap 8vo. Eighty Illustrations.

'A useful little volume respecting the manners and customs of Eastern  
nations. It brings together, in a small compass, much that will be of service  
to the young student of the Bible.'—*Watchman*.

**Hidden Treasures, and the Search for Them: Lectures to**  
Bible Classes. By the Rev. J. HARTLEY. Foolsap 8vo. With Frontispiece.

**Youthful Obligations.** Illustrated by a large number of Approp-  
riate Facts and Anecdotes. Foolsap 8vo. With Illustrations.

**Eminent Christian Philanthropists: Brief Biographical**  
Sketches, designed especially as Studies for the Young. By the Rev.  
GEORGE MAUNDER. Fcap. 8vo. Nine Illustrations.

**The Tower, the Temple, and the Minster: Historical and**  
Biographical Associations of the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral,  
and Westminster Abbey. By the Rev. J. W. THOMAS. Second Edition.  
Foolsap 8vo. 14 Illustrations.

**Peter Pengelly; or, 'True as the Clock.'** By J. J. WRAY.  
Crown 8vo. Forty Illustrations.

'A famous book for boys.'—*The Christian*.

**The Stolen Children.** By Rev. H. BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo.  
Six Illustrations.

**My Coloured Schoolmaster: and other Stories.** By the Rev.  
H. BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Five Illustrations.

'The narratives are given in a lively, pleasant manner that is well suited to  
gain and keep alive the attention of juvenile readers.'—*The Friend*.

**Female Heroism and Tales of the Western World.** By  
the Rev. H. BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Four Illustrations.

**Capture of the Pirates: with other Stories of the Western Seas.**  
By the Rev. HENRY BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Four Illustrations.

'The stories are graphically told, and will inform on some phases of  
Western life.'—*Warrington Guardian*.

**The Prisoner's Friend: The Life of Mr. JAMES BUNDY, of**  
Bristol. By his Grandson, the Rev. W. R. WILLIAMS. Foolsap 8vo.

**Adelaide's Treasure, and How the Thief came Unawares.**  
By SARSON, Author of 'A Pledge that Redeemed Itself, etc. Four Illustrations.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS (*Continued.*)

**Kilkee.** By ELIZA KERR.

**Two Snowy Christmas Eves.** By ELIZA KERR. Royal 16mo. Gilt edges. Six Illustrations.

**The Secret of Ashton Manor House.** By ELIZA KERR. Crown 8vo.

**The Mystery of Grange Drayton.** By ELIZA KERR. Crown 8vo.

## PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE.

*'Little Ray' Series. Royal 16mo.*

**Little Ray and her Friends.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Five Illustrations.

**The Breakfast Half-Hour: Addresses on Religious and Moral Topics.** By the Rev. H. R. BURTON. Twenty-five Illustrations.

*'Practical, earnest, and forcible.'*—*Literary World.*

**Gleanings in Natural History for Young People.** Profusely Illustrated.

**Broken Purposes; or, the Good Time Coming.** By LILLIE MONTFORT. Five Page Illustrations. Gilt edges.

**The History of the Tea-Cup; with a Descriptive Account of the Potter's Art.** By the Rev. G. R. WEDGWOOD. Profusely Illustrated.

**The Cliftons and their Play-Hours.** By Mrs. COSSLETT. Seven Page Illustrations.

**The Lilyvale Club and its Doings.** By EDWIN A. JOHNSON, D.D. Seven Page Illustrations.

*'The "doings" of the club decidedly deserve a careful perusal.'*—*Literary World.*

**The Bears' Den.** By E. H. MILLER. Six Page Illustrations.

*'A capital story for boys.'*—*Christian Age.*

**Ned's Motto; or, Little by Little.** By the author of *'Faithful and True,' 'Tony Starr's Legacy.'* Six Page Illustrations.

*'The story of a boy's struggles to do right, and his influence over other boys. The book is well and forcibly written.'*—*The Christian.*

**A Year at Riverside Farm.** By E. H. MILLER. Royal 16mo. Six Page Illustrations.

*'A book of more than common interest and power.'*—*Christian Age.*

**The Royal Road to Riches.** By E. H. MILLER. Fifteen Illustrations.

**Maude Linden; or, Working for Jesus.** By LILLIE MONTFORT. Four Illustrations.

*'Intended to enforce the value of personal religion, especially in Christian work. . . . Brightly and thoughtfully written.'*—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

**Oscar's Boyhood; or, the Sailor's Son.** By DANIEL WISE, D.D. Six Illustrations.

*'A healthy story for boys, written in a fresh and vigorous style, and plainly teaching many important lessons.'*—*Christian Miscellany.*

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE (*Continued*).

**Summer Days at Kirkwood.** By E. H. MILLER. Four Illustrations.

'Capital story; conveying lessons of the highest moral import.'—*Sheffield Post*.

**Holy-days and Holidays; or, Memories of the Calendar for Young People.** By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. Numerous Illustrations.

'Instruction and amusement are blended in this little volume.'—*The Christian*.

**Talks with the Bairns about Bairns.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Illustrated.

'Pleasantly written, bright, and in all respects attractive.'—*Leeds Mercury*.

**My First Class: and other Stories.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Illustrated.

'The stories are full of interest, well printed, nicely illustrated, and tastefully bound. It is a volume which will be a favourite in any family of children.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.

**Luther Miller's Ambition.** By LILLIE MONTFORT. Gilt edges. Illustrated by GUNSTON.

'Wee Donald' Series. Royal 16mo.

**An Old Sailor's Yarn: and other Sketches from Daily Life.**

**The Stony Road: a Tale of Humble Life.**

**Stories for Willing Ears. For Boys.** By T. S. E.

**Stories for Willing Ears. For Girls.** By T. S. E.

**Thirty Thousand Pounds: and other Sketches from Daily Life.**

'Wee Donald': Sequel to 'Stony Road.'

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE. *Foolscap 8vo Series.*

**Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany.** By the Rev. J. SHAW BANKS. Foolscap 8vo. 13 Illustrations.

'Told in a very attractive style.'—*London Quarterly Review*.

**Two Standard Bearers in the East: Sketches of Dr. DUFF and Dr. Wilson.** By Rev. J. MARRAT. Eight Illustrations.

**Three Indian Heroes: the Missionary; the Soldier; the Statesman.** By the Rev. J. SHAW BANKS. Numerous Illustrations.

**David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer.** By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Fifteen Page Illustrations.

'The story is told in a way which is likely to interest young people, and to quicken their sympathy with missionary work.'—*Literary World*.

**Columbus; or, the Discovery of America.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Seventeen Illustrations.

**Cortes; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Nine Illustrations.

**Pizarro; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Peru.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Nine Illustrations.

**Granada; or, the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Seven Illustrations.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE (*Continued.*)

**James Montgomery, Christian Poet and Philanthropist.**

By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Eleven Illustrations.

**The Father of Methodism: the Life and Labours of the Rev.**

John Wesley, A.M. By Mrs. COSSLETT. Forty-five Illustrations.

'Presents a clear outline of the life of the founder of Methodism. The illustrations are numerous and effective,—quite a pictorial history in themselves.'

**Old Truths in New Lights: Illustrations of Scripture Truth**

for the Young. By W. H. S. Illustrated.

**Chequer Alley: a Story of Successful Christian Work.** By

the Rev. F. W. BRIGGS, M.A.

**The Englishman's Bible: How he Got it, and Why he Keeps**

it. By the Rev. JOHN BOYES, M.A. Thirteen Illustrations.

**Home: and the Way to Make Home Happy.** By the Rev.

DAVID HAY. With Frontispiece.

**Helen Leslie; or, Truth and Error.** By ADELINE. Frontis-

piece.

**Building her House.** By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Five Illustns.

'A charmingly written tale, illustrative of the power of Christian meekness.'

—*Christian World.*

**Crabtree Fold: a Tale of the Lancashire Moors.** By Mrs. R.

A. WATSON. Five Illustrations.

**Davy's Friend: and other Stories.** By JENNIE PERRETT.

'Excellent, attractive, and instructive.'—*The Christian.*

**Arthur Hunter's First Shilling.** By Mrs. CROWE.

**Hill Side Farm.** By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.

**The Boy who Wondered; or, Jack and Minnchen.** By Mrs.

GEORGE GLADSTONE.

**Kitty; or, The Wonderful Love.** By A. E. COURTENAY.

**The River Singers.** By W. ROBSON.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE. *Crown 8vo Series.*

**Laurence Temple's Probation; or, Life in a Canadian Par-**  
sonage. By Dr. WITHROW.

**May's Captain.** By HELEN BRISTON. Three Illustrations.

**The Little World of School.** By R. RYLANDS. Three  
Illustrations.

**Patty Thorne's Adventures.** By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. Illus-  
trated.

**The Dairyman's Daughter.** By the Rev. LEGH RICHMOND,  
M.A. A New Edition, with Additions, giving an Authentic Account of her  
Conversion, and of her connection with the Wesleyan Methodists.

**Footsteps in the Snow.** By ANNIE E. COURTENAY, Author  
of *Tina and Beth*, etc., etc. Illustrated.

'Every page is genial, warm, and bright.'—*Irish Christian Advocate.*

**The Beloved Prince: A Memoir of His Royal Highness**  
the Prince Consort. By WILLIAM NICHOLS. Nineteen Illustrations.

**Drierstock: A Tale of Mission Work on the American Frontier.**  
Three Illustrations.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE (*Continued.*)

- Go Work: A Book for Girls.** By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM.  
**Picture Truths. Practical Lessons on the Formation of Character,**  
 from Bible Emblems and Proverbs. By JOHN TAYLOR. Thirty Illustrations.  
**Those Watchful Eyes; or, Jemmy and his Friends.** By  
 EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Frontispiece.  
**The Basket of Flowers.** Four Illustrations.  
**Auriel, and other Stories.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Frontispiece.  
**A Voice from the Sea; or, The Wreck of the Eglantine.**  
 By RUTH ELLIOTT.  
**Rays from the Sun of Righteousness.** By the Rev. R.  
 NEWTON. Eleven Illustrations.  
**A Pledge that Redeemed Itself.** By SARSON.  
**In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life.**  
 By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Illustrations and Map.  
**Old Daniel; or, Memoirs of a Converted Hindu.** By Rev. T.  
 HODSON. Twelve Illustrations.  
**Little Abe; or, The Bishop of Berry Brow. Being the Life of**  
 Abraham Lockwood.

## CHEAP EDITION OF MARK GUY PEARSE'S BOOKS.

*Foolscap 8vo. Price Eighteenpence each.*

1. Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions. 1ST SERIES.
2. Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions. 2ND SERIES.
3. Sermons for Children.
4. Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving.
5. Short Stories: and other Papers.
6. 'Good Will': a Collection of Christmas Stories.
7. Simon Jasper.
8. Cornish Stories.
9. Homely Talks.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. *Imperial 32mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.***Abbott's Histories for the Young.**

Vol. 1. Alexander the Great. Vol. 2. Alfred the Great. Vol. 3. Julius Cæsar.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. *Royal 16mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.*

- Ancient Egypt: Its Monuments, Worship, and People.** By  
 the Rev. EDWARD LIGHTWOOD. Twenty-six Illustrations.  
**Vignettes from English History. From the Norman Conqueror**  
 to Henry IV. Twenty-three Illustrations.  
**Margery's Christmas Box.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Seven Illusts.  
**No Gains without Pains: a True Life for the Boys.** By H.  
 C. KNIGHT. Six Illustrations.  
**Peeps into the Far North: Chapters on Iceland, Lapland, and**  
 Greenland. By S. E. SCHOLES. Twenty-four Illustrations.  
**Lessons from Noble Lives, and other Stories.** 31 Illustrations.

PRICE ONE SHILLING (*Continued.*)

- Stories of Love and Duty.** For Boys and Girls. 31 Illusts.
- The Railway Pioneers; or, the Story of the Stephenson's Father and Son.** By H.C. KNIGHT. Fifteen Illustrations.
- The Royal Disciple: Louisa, Queen of Prussia.** By C.R. HURST. Six Illustrations.
- Tiny Tim: a Story of London Life.** Founded on Fact. By F. HORNER. Twenty-two Illustrations.
- John Tregonoweth. His Mark.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Twenty-five Illustrations.
- 'I'll Try'; or, How the Farmer's Son became a Captain.** Ten Illustrations.
- The Giants, and How to Fight Them.** By Dr. RICHARD NEWTON. Fifteen Illustrations.
- The Meadow Daisy.** By LILLIE MONTFORT. Numerous Illustrations.
- Robert Dawson; or, the Brave Spirit.** Four Page Illustrations.
- The Tarnside Evangel.** By M. A. H. Eight Illustrations.
- Rob Rat; a Story of Barge Life.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Numerous Illustrations.
- The Unwelcome Baby, with other Stories of Noble Lives early Consecrated.** By S. ELLEN GREGORY. Nine Illustrations.
- Jane Hudson, the American Girl.** Four Page Illustrations.
- The Babes in the Basket; or, Daph and her Charge.** Four Page Illustrations.
- Insect Lights and Sounds.** By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. Illustrns.  
'A valuable little book for children, pleasantly illustrated.'—*The Friend*.
- The Jew and his Tenants.** By A. D. WALKER. Illustrated.  
'A pleasant little story of the results of genuine Christian influence.'—*Christian Age*.
- The History of Joseph; for the Young.** By the Rev. T. CHAMPNESS. Twelve Illustrations.  
'Good, interesting, and profitable.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.
- The Old Miller and his Mill.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Twelve Illustrations.
- The First Year of my Life: a True Story for Young People.** By ROSE CATHAY FRIEND.  
'It is a most fascinating story.'—*Sunday School Times*.
- Fiji and the Friendly Isles: Sketches of their Scenery and People.** By S. E. SCHOLES. Fifteen Illustrations.  
'We warmly recommend this little volume to readers of every sort.'—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.
- The Story of a Pillow. Told for Children.** Four Illustrations.  
'Simply and gracefully told.'—*Bradford Observer*.

## UNCLE DICK'S LIBRARY OF SHILLING BOOKS.

*Foolscap 8vo. 128 pp. Cloth.*

- Uncle Dick's Legacy.** By E. H. MILLER, Author of 'Royal Road to Riches,' etc., etc. Illustrated.  
'A first-rate story . . . full of fun and adventure, but thoroughly good and healthy.'—*Christian Miscellany*.
- Beatrice and Brian.** By HELEN BRISTON. Three Illustrns.  
'A very prettily told story about a wayward little lady and a large mastiff dog, specially adapted for girls.'—*Derbyshire Advertiser*.
- Becky and Reubie; or, the Little Street Singers.** By MINA E. GOULDING. Three Illustrations.  
'A clever, pleasing, well-written story.'—*Leeds Mercury*.
- Gilbert Guestling; or, the Story of a Hymn Book.** Illustrated.  
'It is a charmingly told story.'—*Nottingham Daily Express*.
- Guy Sylvester's Golden Year.** Three Illustrations.  
'A very pleasantly written story.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.
- Left to Take Care of Themselves.** By A. RYLANDS. Three Illustrations.
- Tom Fletcher's Fortunes.** By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. Three Illustrations.  
'A capital book for boys.'—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.
- The Young Bankrupt, and other Stories.** By Rev. JOHN COLWELL. Three Illustrations.
- The Basket of Flowers.** Four Illustrations.
- Mattie and Bessie; or, Climbing the Hill.** By A. E. COURTENAY.
- Tom: A Woman's Work for Christ.** By Rev. J. W. KEY-WORTH. Six Illustrations.
- The Little Disciple: The Story of his Life Told for Young Children.** Six Illustrations.
- Afterwards.** By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Three Page Illustns.
- Poppie's Life Service.** By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Ten Illustrations.
- 
- Mischievous Foxes; or, the Little Sins that mar the Christian Character.** By JOHN COLWELL. Price 1s.  
'An amazing amount of sensible talk and sound advice.'—*The Christian*.
- Joel Bulu: The Autobiography of a Native Minister in the South Seas.** New Edition, with an account of his Last Days. Edited by the Rev. G. S. ROWE. Foolscap 8vo, cloth. Price 1s.
- Robert Moffat, the African Missionary.** By Rev. J. MARRAT. Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated. Price 1s.
- The Dairyman's Daughter.** By the Rev. LEGH RICHMOND, M.A. A New Edition, with Additions, giving an Authentic Account of her Conversion, and of her connection with the Wesleyan Methodists.
- Polished Stones from a Rough Quarry.** By Mrs. HUTCHEON. Price 1s.
- Recollections of Methodist Worthies.** Fcap 8vo. Price 1s.  
'Deserves to be perused by members of all Christian communities.'—*Sword and Trowel*.

PRICE NINEPENCE. *Imperial 32mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.*

1. The Wonderful Lamp: and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Five Illustrations.
2. Dick's Troubles: and How He Met Them. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Six Illustrations.
3. The Chat in the Meadow: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.
4. John's Teachers: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.
5. Nora Grayson's Dream: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Seven Illustrations.
6. Rosa's Christmas Invitations: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.
7. Ragged Jim's Last Song: and other Ballads. By EDWARD BAILEY. Eight Illustrations.
8. Pictures from Memory. By ADELINE. Nine Illustrations.
9. The Story of the Wreck of the 'Maria' Mail Boat: with a Memoir of Mrs. Hinckman, the only Survivor. Illustrated.
10. Passages from the Life of Heinrich Stilling. Five Page Illustrations.
11. Little and Wise: The Ants, The Conies, The Locusts, and the Spiders. Twelve Illustrations.
12. Spoiling the Vines, and Fortune Telling. Eight Illusts.
13. The Kingly Breaker, Concerning Play, and Sowing the Seed.
14. The Fatherly Guide, Rhoda, and Fire in the Soul.
15. Short Sermons for Little People. By the Rev. T. CHAMPNESS.
16. Sketches from my Schoolroom. Four Illustrations.
17. Mary Ashton: A True Story of Eighty Years Ago. 4 Illusts.
18. The Little Prisoner: or, the Story of the Dauphin of France. Five Illustrations.
19. The Story of an Apprenticeship. By the Rev. A. LANGLEY. Frontispiece.
20. Mona Bell: or, Faithful in Little Things. By EDITH M. EDWARDS. Four Illustrations.
21. Minnie Neilson's Summer Holidays, and What Came of Them. By M. CAMB WELL. Four Illustrations.
22. After Many Days; or, The Turning Point in James Power's Life. Three Illustrations.
23. Alfred May. By R. RYLANDS. Two coloured Illustrations.
24. Dots and Gwinnie: a Story of Two Friendships. By R. RYLANDS. Three Illustrations.
25. Little Sally. By MINA E. GOULDING. Six Illustrations.
26. Joe Webster's Mistake. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Three Illustrations.
27. Muriel; or, The Sister Mother.
28. Nature's Whispers.
29. Johnny's Work and How he did it. Five Illustrations.
30. Pages from a Little Girl's Life. By A. F. PERRAM. Five Illustrations.
31. The Wrens' Nest at Wrenthorpe. By A. E. KEELING. Five Illustrations.



PRICE EIGHTPENCE. *Japanese paper. Cloth gilt edges.*

The whole of the Sixpenny Series are also sold in Limp Cloth at Eightpence.

**Access, the Slave Preacher.** By the Rev. HENRY LUTTING.  
**Archib and Nellie: What they Saw and What they Heard.** By E. H. LINDLEY.  
**Bernard Fairley, the Huguenot Potter.** By E. H. LINDLEY.  
**Best Description of the Principal Places mentioned in Holy Scripture.**  
**Bulmer's History of Joseph.**  
**Bulmer's History of Moses.**  
**Christianity Compared with Paganism: A Lecture.**  
**Daddy Longlegs and his White Heati Flower.** By NELLIE COOPER.  
**Death of the Eldest Son: The.** By LADY KILMER.  
**Emily's Lessons: Chapters in the Life of a Young Christian.**  
**Fragments for Young People.**  
**Freddie Cinnamon.**  
**Jane: A Flower from South Africa.**  
**Jesus (History of). For Children.** By W. MASON.

**Little Nan's Victory.** By A. E. LOUGHEED.  
**Martin Luther: The Story of.**  
**Precious Seed and Little Flowers.** Recollections of Methodist Worthies. FANCY ART. Limp cloth.  
**Sailor's A Struggles for Eternal Life.**  
**Saville (Jonathan). Memoirs of.** By the Rev. J. A. WARR.  
**Short and Sade: A Short Life well Spent.**  
**Sunday Scholar's Guide (The).** By the Rev. J. T. BARR.  
**The Wreck, Rescue, and Massacre: an Account of the Loss of the *Thames King*.**  
**Will Brown: or, Saved at the Eleventh Hour.** By the Rev. H. BROWNE.  
**Youthful Sufferer Glorified: A Memorial of Sarah Smith Hay.**  
**Youthful Victor Crowned: A Sketch of Mr. C. JONES.**

THE CROWN SERIES. *18mo. Cloth gilt lettered. Coloured Frontispiece.* PRICE SIXPENCE.

1. A Kiss for a Blow: true Stories about Peace and War for Children.
2. Louis Henrie; or, The Sister's Promise.
3. The Giants, and How to Fight Them.
4. Robert Dawson; or, the Brave Spirit.
5. Jane Hudson, the American Girl.
6. The Jewish Twins. By Aunt FRIENDLY.
7. The Book of Beasts. 35 Illust.
8. The Book of Birds. 40 Illust.
9. Proud in Spirit.
10. Althea Norton.
11. Gertrude's Bible Lesson.
12. The Rose in the Desert.
13. The Little Black Hen.
14. Martha's Hymn.
15. Nettie Mathieson.
16. The Prince in Disguise.
17. The Children on the Plains.
18. The Babes in the Basket.
19. Richard Harvey; or, Taking a Stand.
20. Kitty King: Lessons for Little Girls.
21. Nettie's Mission.
22. Little Margery.
23. Margery's City Home.
24. The Crossing Sweeper.
25. Rosy Conroy's Lessons.
26. Ned Dolan's Garret.
27. Little Henry and his Bearer.
28. The Woodman and his Dog.
29. Johnny: Lessons for Little Boys.
30. Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones.
31. A Story of the Sea: and other Incidents.
32. Aunt Lizzie's Talks about Remarkable Fishes. 40 Illusts.
33. Three Little Folks who Mind their own Business; 25 Illustrations.
34. The Dairyman's Daughter.

The whole of the above thirty-four Sixpenny books are also sold at Fourpence, in Enamelled Covers.

**PRICE SIXPENCE.** *18mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.*

**African Girls**; or, Leaves from the Journal of a Missionary's Widow.  
**Bunyan (John)**. The Story of his Life and Work told to Children. By E. M. C.  
**Celestine**; or, the Blind Woman of the Pastures.  
**Christ in Passion Week**; or, Our Lord's last Public Visit to Jerusalem.  
**Crown with Gems (The)**. A Call to Christian Usefulness.  
**Fifth of November**; Romish Plotting for Popish Ascendancy.  
**Flower from Feejee**. A Memoir of Mary Calvert.  
**Good Sea Captain (The)**. Life of Captain Robert Steward.  
**Grace the Preparation for Glory**: Memoir of A. Hill. By Rev. J. RATTENBURY.  
**Joseph Peters, the Negro Slave**.

**Hattie and Nancy**; or, the Everlasting Love. A Book for Girls.  
**Held Down**; or, Why James did Not Prosper.  
**Matt Stubbs' Dream**: A Christmas Story. By M. G. PEARSE.  
**Michael Faraday**. A Book for Boys.  
**Our Lord's Public Ministry**.  
**Risen Saviour (The)**.  
**St. Paul (Life of)**.  
**Seed for Waste Corners**. By Rev. B. SMITH.  
**Sorrow on the Sea**; or, the Loss of the *Amazon*.  
**Street (A) I've Lived in**. A Sabbath Morning Scene.  
**Three Naturalists**: Stories of Linnaeus, Cuvier, and Buffon.  
**Young Maid-Servants (A Book for)**. Gilt Edges.

**PRICE FOURPENCE.** *Enamelled Covers.*

**Precious Seed, and Little Sowers**.  
**Spoiling the Vines**.  
**Rhoda, and Fire in the Soul**.  
**The Fatherly Guide, and Fortune Telling**.  
**Will Brown**; or, Saved at the Eleventh Hour.

**Ancass, the Slave Preacher**. By the Rev. H. BUNTING.  
**Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot Potter**.  
**The Story of Martin Luther**. By Rev. J. B. NORTON.  
**Little Nan's Victory**.

The whole of the thirty-four books in the Crown Series at Sixpence are sold in Enamelled Covers at FOURPENCE each.

**PRICE THREEPENCE.** *Enamelled Covers.*

'The Ants' and 'The Conies.'  
 Concerning Play.  
 'The Kingly Breaker' and 'Sowing the Seed.'  
 'The Locusts' and 'The Spiders.'  
**Hattie and Nancy**.  
**Michael Faraday**.  
**John Bunyan**. By E. M. C.

**Three Naturalists**: Stories of Linnaeus, Cuvier, and Buffon.  
**Celestine**; or, the Blind Woman of the Pastures.  
**Held Down**; or, Why James didn't Prosper. By Rev. B. SMITH.  
**The Good Sea Captain**. Life of Captain Robert Steward.

**PRICE TWOPENCE.** *Enamelled Covers.*

1. The Sun of Righteousness.  
 2. The Light of the World.  
 3. The Bright and Morning Star.  
 4. Jesus the Saviour.  
 5. Jesus the Way.  
 6. Jesus the Truth.  
 7. Jesus the Life.  
 8. Jesus the Vine.  
 9. The Plant of Renown.

10. Jesus the Shield.  
 11. Being and Doing Good. By the Rev. J. COLWELL.  
 12. Jessie Allen's Question.  
 13. Uncle John's Christmas Story.  
 14. The Pastor and the Schoolmaster.  
 15. Laura Gaywood.

The above Twopenny Books are also sold in Packets.

Packet No. 1, containing Nos. 1 to 6, Price 1/-  
 Packet No. 2, containing Nos. 7 to 12, Price 1/-

**PRICE ONE PENNY.** *Crown 16mo. Enamelled Covers. With Illustrations.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. The Woodman's Daughter.<br>By LILLIE M.                                   | 7. Jesus Blessing the Children.<br>By Dr. CROOK.                                |
| 2. The Young Pilgrim: the Story<br>of Louis Jaulmes.                         | 8. 'Under Her Wings.' By the<br>Rev. T. CHAMPNESS.                              |
| 3. Isaac Watkin Lewis: a Life for<br>the Little Ones. By MARK<br>GUY PEARSE. | 9. 'The Scattered and Peeled<br>Nation': a Word to the Young<br>about the Jews. |
| 4. The History of a Green Silk<br>Dress.                                     | 10. Jessie Morecambe and Her<br>Playmates.                                      |
| 5. The Dutch Orphan: Story of<br>John Harmsen.                               | 11. The City of Beautiful Peo-<br>ple.  |
| 6. Children Coming to Jesus. By<br>Dr. CROOK.                                | 12. Ethel and Lily's School<br>Treat. By R. R.                                  |

The above twelve books are also sold in a Packet, price 1/-

**PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.**

By MARK GUY PEARSE, LILLIE MONTFORT, RUTH ELLIOTT, and others.  
*Imperial 32mo. 16 pages. With Frontispiece.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. The New Scholar.                          | 27. The New Year; or, Where shall I<br>Begin?                |
| 2. Is it beneath You?                        | 28. The Book of Remembrance.                                 |
| 3. James Elliott; or, the Father's<br>House. | 29. 'Shall we Meet Beyond the River?'                        |
| 4. Rosa's Christmas Invitations.             | 30. Found after Many Days.                                   |
| 5. A Woman's Ornaments.                      | 31. Hugh Coventry's Thanksgiving.                            |
| 6. 'Things Seen and Things not Seen.'        | 32. Our Easter Hymn.   |
| 7. Will you be the Last?                     | 33. 'Eva's New Year's Gift.'                                 |
| 8. 'After That?'                             | 34. Noble Impulses.  |
| 9. Christmas; or, the Birthday of<br>Jesus.  | 35. Old Rosie. By MARK GUY PEARSE                            |
| 10. The School Festival.                     | 36. Nellie's Text Book.                                      |
| 11. John's Teachers.                         | 37. How Dick Fell out of the Nest.                           |
| 12. Whose Yoke do You Wear?                  | 38. Dick's Kitten.   |
| 13. The Sweet Name of Jesus.                 | 39. Why Dick Fell into the River.                            |
| 14. My Name; or, How shall I Know?           | 40. What Dick Did with his Cake.                             |
| 15. Annie's Conversion.                      | 41. Dick's First Theft.                                      |
| 16. The Covenant Service.                    | 42. Dick's Revenge.  |
| 17. The Chat in the Meadow.                  | 43. Alone on the Sea.  |
| 18. The Wedding Garment.                     | 44. The Wonderful Lamp.                                      |
| 19. 'Love Covereth all Sins.'                | 45. Not too Young to Understand.                             |
| 20. Is Lucy V— Sincere?                      | 46. Being a Missionary.                                      |
| 21. He Saves the Lost.                       | 47. Willie Rowland's Decision.                               |
| 22. The One Way.                             | 48. 'Can it Mean Me?'  |
| 23. Nora Grayson's Dream.                    | 49. A Little Cake.   |
| 24. The Scripture Tickets.                   | 50. A Little Coat.   |
| 25. 'Almost a Christian.'                    | 51. A Little Cloud.  |
| 26. 'Taken to Jesus.'                        | 52. The Two Brothers: Story of a Lie.<br>By MARK GUY PEARSE. |

*The above Series are also sold in Packets.*

Packet No. 1 contains Nos. 1 to 24. Price 1/-

Packet No. 2 contains Nos. 25 to 48. Price 1/-

L O N D O N :

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.







